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GENEALOGY OF THE FAMILY OF DAVID MACLEAN PARRY, OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

By Milton Rubincam, F.A.S.G.,
Green Meadows, Hyattsville, Md.

* *

1. HENRY PARRY, the American progenitor of the prominent Parry family of Indianapolis, was born in 1762 at Pentwin, Cantriff, near Becon (Brecon ?), South Wales, according to a family record preserved in one branch of his descendants and contributed to the writer by another descendant, Mrs. Helen Parry Fitzgerald. He came to Pennsylvania where he married, in 1796, Sarah Cadwallader, born March 3, 1776, died April 26, 1842, daughter of John Cadwallader and his wife, Jane Evans. Family records state that this is the famous Revolutionary War hero, Gen. John Cadwalader (1742-86), and assign to him the same birth and death dates as the general. Although in earlier articles and manuscripts the writer accepted this statement as fact, an exhaustive investigation of the records pertaining to Gen. Cadwalader's family fails to sustain the conclusion that Henry Parry's father-in-law may be identified with the general. However, the Parry family tradition is so strong on this point --- and appears to be quite old in the family --- that the present writer hesitates to reject it outright and therefore reserves judgment until another study can clear up the vague possibility that some connection with Gen. Cadwalader's family actually exists.

Henry Parry is said to have been a civil engineer, a wheelwright, and a carpenter, and is credited by various biographers of his famous grandson, David M. Parry, with building the first courthouse in Pennsylvania west of the Alleghany Mountains. These are statements that should not be accepted without positive confirmation from reliable sources. He lived in Pittsburgh, where he died October 7, 1847. Issue:

2. Elizabeth:	b. April 24, 1798. d. Nov. 3, 1878. m. Hugh Sogan (last name uncertain).
3. Sarah:	b. April 20, 1800. d. m.
4. John Cadwalader:	b. May 2, 1802. d. March 19, 1877. m.
5. Henry Harrison:	b. June 4, 1804. d. Feb. 8, 1864. m.
6. Nancy:	b. June 6, 1806. d. Sept. 1807.
7. William:	b. June 2, 1808. d. June 24, 1862. m.
8. Edward:	b. April 21, 1811. d. Aug. 8, 1841. m.

9. Reese Hiester: b. Jan. 9, 1813.
d.
m.

10. Owen Lloyd: b. Jan. 2, 1815.
d. Oct. 7, 1867.
m.

11. Morgan Laurence: b. Aug. 14, 1817.
d.
m.

12. Mary Oliver: b. Oct. 16, 1820.
d.
m. J. B. Dilworth.

13. Thomas Jefferson: b. Sept. 24, 1822.
d. Sept. 21, 1899.
m. Lydia Maclean.

12. THOMAS JEFFERSON PARRY (Henry, 1) was born September 24, 1822, and became a farmer. He married Lydia, daughter of David Maclean, editor and proprietor of The Pittsburgh Gazette from 1822 to 1829, by his wife, Jennie Morrow. After the birth of their sons, Edward R. and David M., Mr. and Mrs. Parry removed to Indiana and settled on a farm near Laurel, in Franklin County. The rest of Thomas's story is so interwoven with the career of his famous son, David Maclean Parry, that it will be narrated in due time.

Suffice it to say in this place that in politics Thomas J. Parry was at first a Whig, and then a Republican, of which party he was an ardent supporter. In religious faith he was a Presbyterian. He died September 21, 1899. "He was distinguished by the depth and sincerity of his convictions," says a biographer of his son, "and from his forebears he inherited sterling honesty and uprighteousness of conduct."

Issue of Thomas J. and Lydia (Maclean) Parry:

14. Edward R.: b.
d.
m.

15. David Maclean: b. March 26, 1852.
d. May 12, 1915.
m. (1) Oct. 13, 1875, Cora Harbottle.
(2) Oct. 3, 1883, Hessie Daisy Parry.

16. Jennie Morrow: b.
d.
m. O. F. Griffith.

17. Thomas Henry: b.
d.
m. Katherine -----

18. St. Clair: b.
d.
m. Margaret -----

15. DAVID MACLEAN PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12) was born at Ridgeville, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 26, 1852.

1. Early Years.

The year following his birth the family settled in Indiana. For the first sixteen or seventeen years of his life he worked on his father's farm, attending school in the winter, and also receiving instructions from his mother, who was evidently a woman of fine education and superior intellect. But as he grew older he began to realize that if he were to tie himself to a farm he would get nowhere in life. Therefore, he sought, and obtained, from his father permission to break loose and strike out for himself.

In 1869 he got his first real job as a clerk in Laurel, Ind., at $10.00 a month. Then for two years he clerked in a drygoods store in Lawrenceburg, Ind. Afterwards, in rapid succession, he was employed by his brother Edward in Columbia City, Iowa, was bookkeeper for the New York Enamel Paint Company, of New York City, and worked for the wholesale drygoods store of Oberholser and Keeper. While residing in New York in the early 1870's he was the roommate of Robert G. Dun, who afterward founded the great mercantile firm bearing his name.

In 1873 Parry went to Connersville, Ind., where he established a hardware firm with his brother Edward on capital furnished by their father, Thomas J. Parry. He was not entirely devoted to business, apparently, for on October 13, 1875, in Brooklyn, N. Y., he was married to Cora, daughter of Thomas Harbottle and Helen McIntosh. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Parry's friend, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Two daughters were born of this union.

In 1876 Thomas J. Parry experienced financial reverses which left him bankrupt. David and Edward promptly sold their business and gave the proceeds --- $15,000 --- tp their father. "Such acts of filial devotion are more eloquent than words, however fitly spoken, and D. M. Parry when he surrendered all his savings to relieve his father of debt, disclosed the nobility of his nature and designated him as one who in the lottery of life ought to draw a capital prize."[1]

From 1876 to 1878 David was a traveling salesman for Pappenheimer, Ludlow Hardware Company of Cincinnati, Ohio. The next four years (1878-82) were spent as a partner with Marion Jamison in a hardware firm in Rushville, Indiana. In 1882 he sold out his share of the business and planned to sell agricultural implements in South America. But in July of that year his wife died, at the early age of 24 --- an event which completely altered his plans. He now bought the C. Spring Cart Company, of Rushville, Ind., and plunged into the business of manufacturing vehicles.

On October 3, 1883, Mr. Parry married for his second wife, Hessie Daisy, daughter of John Milton Maxwell, of Indianapolis, and Isabella, daughter of William and Isabella(Reed)Moffett. By her he had seven children, four daughters and three sons, who will be named later in this account.

2. The Parry Manufacturing Company.

In 1886 Addison Byber and J. P. Pratt, becoming interested in Parry's ventures, requested him to form a new company in Indianapolis. He consented, moved to that city with his family, and, with his brother Thomas H. Parry, established The Parry Manufacturing Company, of which he became president. He started with only 40 men on the payroll, but in a few years his firm was the largest vehicle-manufacturing company in the world, covering a territory of 22 acres and employing 2800 men.

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[1] Men of Progress. Indiana, edited by Will Cumback & J.B.Maynard (1898), p. 311.

According to one newspaper article of about 1893 the plant consisted of offices, a store and repository, piano box, buggy department, gear and wheels department, shipping-rooms, spring department, Surrey department, wood-working department, boiler house, iron-working department, trimming department, spring and road wagon department, and road cart department.

"This bare enumeration of the departments and buildings," continues the anonymous writer, "with the aid of the illustration at least conveys an idea of what is, in its entirety, the largest plant in the world for the manufacture of pleasure vehicles.

"An inspection of the premises on foot is a good day's work in itself, and such is the multiplicity of departments that the mind becomes somewhat confused, and fails to retain more than an impression that it is something huge.

"Unlike other establishments there is a plan followed here that consists in duplicate departments, so that you are going into one paint shop, or trim shop, which you regard large enough in all truth, only to stumble across a duplicate of it in another building. This looks like bad arrangement at first thought, but it is the outcome of wise planning. If fire should consume a third or more of the plant, the following day work could be shipped with the customary regularity, and there would be enough of a completely appointed shop remaining, to continue to turn out in all departments without interruption.

"I never saw so many wheels and gears under one roof as is contained in the gear and wheel department. Actually, the wheels are stored so thick and in such quantity, that it would seem as if they were moving about in a continual stream, propelled by boys. To stand at a given point and observe the movement is to get dizzy. In the gear room the axle arms of thousands sticking up in close array gives one the idea of regiments of troops standing at 'shoulder arms' with the barrels of the guns alone visible. It's a great sight!

"I saw what was perhaps the largest trim-shop on earth, but it was not so impressive as the other departments. In one building where stuff is gotten out for more bodies and gears you would suppose you were in a wood-working factory, so numerous are the machines.

"Now, as to work. Of course, when work is built for the millions at popular prices, it is hardly expected that the latest refinements in construction will be glaringly conspicuous, but there can be no question that the facilities at hand enable the company to put exceptional wearing value into the work for the price asked. And that is probably the secret of the phenomenal success of the company.

"The system of work seems to be about perfection. In all the vast place affairs progress without friction or confusion. Nothing short of executive genius could organize such a plant into its present perfection, and it is to President D. M. Parry that the palm of success must be awarded for producing this highly organized plant."

In 1890 the company commenced to manufacture four-wheeled vehicles on a larger scale than ever before. They now produced surries, phaetons, piano-box buggies, spring wagons, etc. Their foreign trade was stupendous --- Parry buggies and carts were being shipped to many other countries, as well as to every state in the United States.

3. Other Interests.

Meanwhile, Mr. Parry was engaged in other activities. He founded and was president of the Overland Automobile Company, which he later sold to John Willys for $250,000. Becoming interested in the ideas of Henry Ford, he is said to have given that indefatigable manufacturer of "flivvers" his first financial assistance. He also owned an interest in the Claypool Hotel, in Indianapolis.

In the political field D. M. Parry was very active as an enthusiastic adherent of the Republican party. It is believed that he was responsible for the nomination of his friend, General Benjamin Harrison, for the Presidency of the United States, and also as the one who put forward Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks, Senator Albert J. Beveridge, and others. He had opportunities to become Mayor of Indianapolis, member of Congress from Indiana, our ambassador to several foreign Governments, and Vice-President of the United States --- but declined all these proffered honors.

In the struggle between capitalism and labor Mr. Parry was, quite naturally, an ardent champion of the former. This is not to be inferred that he was radically antagonistic to the laboring-class. On the contrary, the ordinary workmen found him quite sympathetic and desirous of bettering laboring conditions. But he was warmly opposed to organized labor unions.

"As a large employer of labor he has been deeply interested in the vital issues between capital and labor which have characterized recent popular movements," comments a writer contemporary with Mr. Parry, "and he was the first man to stand against unjust demands and unlawful methods adopted by some of the organized labor bodies which he considered a direct violation of American principles. His high personal character and well-known principles as well as his labors in behalf of the improvements and conditions among the working classes, absolved him from any charge of undue self interest in the position he took, which was for justice to all concerned."[2]

In August 1903, a conference between labor and capital was held. On Thursday, August 13, the speakers were Thomas P. Kidd, a laborer, and D. M. Parry, who, since 1902, had been president of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States.

Kidd was an uneducated chap who was unable to present very clearly the workingman's point of view, but the force of his remarks amply demonstrated his sincerity. However, in striking contrast to many of his fellow-laborers, he did not justify mob-violence, but condemned it. He apologized for the riots and lawlessness by claiming that labor was wronged by the merciless capitalists.

In his speech, immediately following that of Kidd, Mr. Parry said, in part (as reported by The New York Daily Tribune for August 14, 1903):

"Labor organizations are a standing mob, and organized mob. We have had enough of organized labor. There has been a great battle fought within the last twelve months and it has been demonstrated that mobocracy is incarnated in the labor union. No man can object to any organization for lawful purposes, but these labor organizations are revolutionary, and the great body of workingmen should be warned against them, for they do not uplift labor and they do make for mob rule.

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[2] Commemorative and Biographical Record of Prominent and Representative Men of Indianapolis and Vicinity (1900), p. 463.

"The mob spirit is distinctly cultivated in the unions, which deliberately stir up hatred and contempt for all law, try to impress their will on employers, and the people by physical force, and clearly lead to daily riots, mobs, assaults, and terrorize communities. . . Attend one of these labor union meetings and hear the law denounced, private vengeance upheld, hate and anarchy preached, that one man who hires another is a robber, and the duty of a man is to work for his employer as little as possible to give other workingmen a chance.

". . . . .

"Employers are seeing that they invest their millions poorly when they are put at the mercy of such organized mobs, which lower the tone of American citizenship, consign the Declaration of Independence to the scrap pile, make the people foot their enormous bills for enhanced prices, crush liberty and aim at sovereignty."

Labor was so agitated by D. M. Parry's outspoken comments that about this time a conspiracy was formed to kidnap his children and wreak vengeance upon him through them. William J. Burns, the noted detective, best tells the story:[3]

"David M. Parry, . . . a wealthy resident of Indianapolis, incurred the hatred of the leaders of the hidden forces. He was compelled to walk the streets of his native[4] city with a heavy bodyguard and an automatic revolver in each coat pocket. Mr. Parry is a dead shot, and is afraid of no man. His brother is the champion pistol shot of the National Guard of Indiana.[5] It sounds like melodrama, but the two Parrys were ready to make somebody pay for their taking off. The telephone was kept busy in Mr. D. M. Parry's office by people who made threats to kill him and burn his house. He surrounded his splendid residence with guards and kept on his course.

"Finally, the terrorists threatened to kidnap his children. The father's heart in Mr. Parry beat with fear at this threat. He determined to move his family abroad, and he took his wife and children to Strasburg in Germany. There he got a home for them until the reign of terror would come to an end. He, a millionaire American citizen then went to the chief of police of this German city and recited the facts and asked that should his enemies pursue his family to Strasburg police protection be given them."

The New York Daily Tribune for Sunday, November 22, 1903, thus comments on this situation:

"Indianapolis, Nov. 21 (Special).---

"Surrounded by men with Winchester rifles, usually accompanied by a bodyguard, with a revolver in his coat pocket, and with his country home guarded by detectives to prevent his children from being kidnapped, D. M. Parry. . . leads a life little to be envied.

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[3]William J. Burns, The Masked War. The Story of a Peril that Threatened the U. S. by the Man Who Uncovered the Dynamite Conspirators and Sent them to Jail (1913), pp. 31-32.

[4]Indianapolis was not Mr. Parry's "native" city.

[5]This was his brother, Thomas H. Parry.

"From his own point of view Parry's life is in more danger than that of Czar Nicholas or Peter Karageorgevitch. Local labor leaders scoff at his precautions and call them sensational and silly. Parry asserts that they are necessary, and that in his fight against the unions he is actuated by a high sense of duty; that he feels impelled to warn Americans against a grave danger.

"It is much easier to gain an audience with President Roosevelt than with D.M. Parry. Barring Parry's general office is a wrought iron fence, the entrance through which is a heavy gate which fastens with a spring lock. Back of the gate is a big, burly 'bouncer.' A flight of steps leads to Parry's private office, and at the head of the steps sits a negro with a Winchester rifle across his knees. One cannot interview Parry without first stating his business to two persons, and being questioned, scanned and quizzed.

"And when one is face to face with D. M. Parry! He is short and of slight build. His skin resembles white parchment. His face is sphinxlike. He is always faultlessly dressed. He never utters an unnecessary word, except when he launches forth in a tirade against labor unions.

"Since Parry began his attacks on the unions he has received hundreds of threatening letters. Most of them, judging by the chirography were written by ignorant men of foreign birth. He sees none of them. His secretary forwards them to the secretary of the Manufacturers' Association in New York. He has seen, however, the letters that threatened the kidnapping of his small children, if he did not deist from his attacks on the unions."

In October 1903 Mr. Parry was elected president of the Industrial Association of America, consisting of a federation of employers' associations and citizens' alliances throughout the United States --- intended to resist the demands of organized labor. "Meet organization with organization!" was the battle-cry.

In 1904 he founded the American Manufacturwrs' Mutual Life Insurance Company, with headquarters in Indianapolis, of which he was elected president.

4. The Scarlet Empire.

Mr. Parry was always an enthusiastic student of sociology, and devoted much thought to the subject. Abx In 1906 he published a book entitled: The Scarlet Empire --- an attack on Socialism in the form of a novel. The Cumulative Book Review Digest for 1905-1906 states (p. 264) that The Scarlet Empire is "a book to make the socialist satisfied with things as they are. A young socialist weary of life plunges into the sea. He wakens in a lost Atlantis, known as the Scarlet Empire. Here is a social democracy in which people dwell in slavery; the state owes every man a living which it grants in a grudging sense, food, conversation, education and marriage, all being limited. The hero sickens of his satiety of socialistic practices, and after gruesome experiences escapes with three companions to his own New York world."

The Literary Digest for April 21, 1907, says (pp. 604-605):

"Starting with the theory advanced by Herbert Spencer that 'Socialism is the coming slavery,' David Maclean Parry in a romance entitled 'the Scarlet Empire,' describes that fabled islr of Atlantis under the sea, in which all theories so dear to the Socialist are in operation today. Mr. Parry's is the capitalist's point of view and therefore, needless to say, is not friendly to the Socialistic propaganda. . . Crudely written as it is, it sets forth a skilfully constructed

plot and shows a certain enthusiasm for the subjedt on the part of the author, but throughout the book the great aim seems to be not only to satirize all the doctrines that Socialists hold dear, but even, where possible, to burlesque them. The main fact dwelt upon by the author is that this form of government is the most accursed form of servitude, and that by comparison with it such advantage as the money power of our country has over the masses is mere child's play. And we are left to infer that in reality, compared with Socialism, the American form of government is free as the boundless air, giving all a chance to work out their salvation and their possibilities and being nothing but blessings upon the race."

The Outlook for April 14, 1908, comments (p. 858).

"This story, which is the work of one of the most reactionary of the opponents of trade unionism, is quite naturally a tract against the Socialist propaganda. . . As a story the book is fairly readable, but as a contribution to the discussion of the social problem it has not the slightest claim to consideration."

5. Retirement and Later Years.

In 1909 Mr. Parry became President of the Automobile Insurance Company of America and vice-president of the Indianapolis Southern Railroad. He was also the founder and president of the Parry Auto Company, of Indianapolis.

In 1911, after twenty-five years of incessant activity as president of the Parry Manufacturing Company, he retired from active business with the best wishes of his associates.

But his interest in many current problems did not cease with his withdrawal from the firm. Early in 1913 Mr. Parry and John Kirby, Jr., both of whomw ere former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers, planned to sail to Australasia to study economic conditions. Their program was rudely shattered, however, that very summer, when accusations were hurled at the Association by the American Federation of Labor that they (i.e. the N.A.M.) had backed an attempt in 1907 to bribe Samuel Gompers, president of the A. F. of L.

This resulted in Messrs. Parry and Kirby being subpoenaed to appear in Washington where the Senate was to hear the charges (June 30, 1913). Both gentlemen immediately expressed their willingness to testify in defense of their organization, characterizing the charges as malicious and false.

Their trip was thus delayed until the following year. On February 10, 1914, Mr. Parry, Mr. Kirby, and Dr. Albert A. Snowden, of the Educational Staff of the N.A.M., sailed from San Francisco, arriving at Sydney, New South Wales (in Australia) on the 2nd of March. Ten days later they sailed for Auckland, New Zealand, which they left on the 20th, and visited Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Invercargel, all in New Zealand; Hobart, in the island of Tasmania; Melbourne, Victoria; Adelaide, South Australia; Brisbane and Townsville, in Queensland.

Leaving Townsville on the return voyage (June 12) they stopped off at Thursday Island, Manila, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Hankow, Mukden (in Manchuria), Dusan (in Korea), and the Japanese cities of Shimonoseki, Tokyo, Yokohama, and thence proceeded to Honolulu, the Hawaiian capital.

On their trip the gentlemen received the most cordial treatment from the highest chiefs of state to the humblest citizens. In the words of their report for 1915, "government officials, municipal authorities, chambers of commerce and manufacturers, merchants' associations, clubs and other organizations vied with one another in facilitating our studies and providing entertainment. The administrative, diplomatic, or consular officers and agents of the United States at each point visited were likewise exceedingly helpful and hospitable."

On board the steamer Korea, when only two days out of Honolulu, Mr. Parry was suddenly stricken ill. He arrived in San Francisco August 21, 1914, in a very serious condition. He was met by his sons, Addison J., then a lumber executive in Oregon, and David M. Parry, Jr., and rushed to a hospital where the doctors held little hope for his recovery. Mrs. Parry was at that moment rushing to his side from Indianapolis.

6. Death and Burial.

He recovered sufficiently, however, to be taken to his home in Indianapolis. Nevertheless, David M. Parry was never the same man. His health perceptibly declined; at times he suffered losses of memory. Uremic poisoning set in, due, it was believed, to the poor food he received while on his Asiatic trip. During the last weeks of his life he was confined almost entirely to his bed.

His death in the early morning of Wednesday, May 12, 1915, was not entirely unexpected, but it occasioned considerable surprise among his many friends. His wife and all of his children, except Ruth, who was then in New York, were at his bedside when he passed away. His son, Addison, had returned to Indianapolis from the West only two days before the end came.

Telegrams from Mr. Parry's business associates and many others in allparts of the world poured into his home, expressing to his family the universal grief and sorrow at his passing. The local Chamber of Commerce passed the following resolution to honor their distinguished fellow-citizen:

"Be it resolved, That the executive committee of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce express our sorrow and regret at the loss the community sustains by the death of Mr. Parry, and that on behalf of the many warm friends Mr. Parry had in the Chamber of Commerce we convey to members of the family our sympathy with them in their loss."

The funeral services were held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, May 14, 1915, at his home in Golden Hill. They were attended by friends and former associates from every section of the United States. The sermon was preached by Rev. Allan B. Philputt, pastor of the Central Christian Church. The active pallbearers were: Edmund H. Eitel; John P. Frenzel, Jr.; N. S. Hastings; W. H. Oakes; Walter Myers; and Hesse H. Moore. Honorary pallbearers were: A. A. Burnes; Joseph E. Bell; Senator Albert J. Beveridge; J. J. Cole; former Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks; and Henry Eitel, all of Indianapolis; John Kirby, Jr., former president, National Association of Manufacturers; who was from Dayton, O.; and P. F. Sherman, of Chicago, Ill.

A special delegation of representatives of the National Association of Manufacturers was present. The actual interment was strictly private, and was in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis. In 1940 the present writer and his wife, the former Priscilla Teasdale (a granddaughter of Mr. Parry) visited his grave while visiting Mrs. Parry in Indianapolis.

7. Honors.

Few private individuals have held more honors than David Maclean Parry. He was, at one time or another during his lifetime, president of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States of America, the Indianapolis Southern Railroad (later part of the Illinois Central system), Southern Dakota Central Railroad, Indianapolis, Newcastle and Toledo Electric Railway, Indianapolis Board of Trade, National Association of Carriage-Builders, Indiana Manufacturers' Association, Citizens' Industrial Association, Automobile Insurance Company of America, and the American Educational Society; and he was vice-president of the Farmers' Trust Company. He was president of the Indiana Society Sons of the Revolution.

In addition to these responsible positions, Mr. Parry was a Knight Templar, and a 32nd degree Mason, and belonged to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the Marion Country, and Commercial Clubs, and the Mystic Tie Lodge.

Mr. Parry had been born into a Presbyterian family, but had been reared a Methodist. However, when he married his second wife, Miss Hessie D. Maxwell, he adopted the principles of her faith and was a member of the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis.

8. Tributes.

One cannot form too high an estimate of the many fine qualities of David M. Parry, of Indianapolis. His splendid character, his sterling honesty, his high sense of duty, his unswerving loyalty to the principles of American liberty as promulgated by the fathers of the nation, his keen mind and undoubted executive genius which built up the mighty vehicle-manufacturing firm bearing his name, were all recognized and honored during his lifetime. As a farmer's son who rose from poor boy to one of the country's wealthiest men he gained the respect of all who were personally acquainted with him, and those who knew him only by reputation. He never used his great wealth to further his own ends. His motives, whether antagonistic to the theories of Socialism or the lawlessness of trade unions, were purely altruistic, in the most literal sense of the word.

Mr. Parry was a modest, quiet, unassuming man. He was never too busy to ~~xxxxx~~ assume additional responsibilities if he believed that it was for the good of the community. Never was he too busy to see those who desired an interview with him. The keen sense of humor with which he was fortunately endowed doubtless carried him through many trying times. When he spoke he had something worthwhile to say --- never did he beat around the bush and use unnecessary words. His public utterances frequently made front-page news.

The Indianapolis Star published this editorial about him on the occasion of his death:

"People who know David M. Parry gained such an impression of his energy and activity that the announcement of his death will bring much surprise to those who have not been aware of his illness, and the event will be difficult to realize.

"He was a man of force and varied ability who made a distinct impress on the community in the years when he was in active business. His executive skill, his power to handle large undertakings, his grasp of commercial affairs, set a pace in local business and manufacturing circles that undoubtedly served as an inspiration to his associates in other lines of activities.

"His prominence in the National Manufacturers' Association, of which he was president for several years, and in other national, civic and commercial organizations made him known throughout the country. He made his way to distinction and wealth by his own efforts, having begun as a poor boy, and was one of the notable self-made men of Indiana and an influence in the development of city and state."

The editorial in The Indianapolis News said, in part:

". . . His name has been widely carried throughout the world by reason of the distribution of the Parry buggies and road carts. In the creation and development of this manufacturing business from a small beginning in Rushville to one of the largest plants of its kind in the country, Mr. Parry's constructive genius had its opportunity. His interests were varied alsp. He was of the cheerful and optimistic turn and a delightful companion among his friends. He could be also an open, frank and vigorous foe. In conduct he was always fearless. . . . His death today will be noted and he will missed by his many friends and the several business interests to which he had become attached."

Two contemporary opinions from Indiana biographical works may also be cited:

"Mr. Parry is distinctly a man of ideas and ideals, and he has not narrowed his mental horizon within the bounds of personal advancement and aggrandizement. He has made for himself a secure place in the commercial and civic life of Indiana, and his vantage ground is on the most stable order, from the fact that he has won right worthily his success and prestige as an able business man and sterling citizen."[6]

"The record of Mr. Parry's life shows that from the time he was fifteen years of age his career has been marked by a series of successes --- never of a failure. He disclosed from the first, self-reliance --- obstacles were overcome as they appeared. His head and his heart and his hands were always in harmonious alliance. Under his masterful mind order and system predominated. Opportunities and advantages utilized and business moved forward on the line of conservative expansion and larger achievements. . . In scanning the roll of Men of Progress of Indiana it will be found that Mr. D. M. Parry has worked his way to an honored place in the front rank."[7]

9. Trophies.

For many years Mr. Parry and his family had traveled in all parts of the world, and he was a noted collector of curios. His home in Indianapolis was a veritable museum of relics. Among the many objects of interest and value which he and his wife acquired mention may be made of:

A silver spoon once owned by Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Aragon and Castile.

Instruments of torture used by the ancients in persecuting the Christians.

Jewelry from the court of Queen Elizabeth.

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[6]Jacob Piatt Dunn, Greater Indianapolis (1910), vol. II, p.

[7]Men of Progress. Indiana, pp. 311-312.

Coins from all,parts of the world.
A leather pocketbook once carried by Longfellow, the poet.
A newspaper dating from 1799, telling of Washington's death,
A newspaper dating from 1865, describing Lincoln's assassination.
A totem pole from Alaska.
A grass hammock from Ecuador.
A petrified green beetle from the coffin of an Egyptian mummy.
Ancient and modern weapons of war.
Suits of medieval armor.
Furniture from all parts of the world.
Statuary.
Gods worshipped by many races.
Carved ivory elephant tusks.
Chinese finger-nail covers.
Indian arrow-heads.
Beautiful collection of sea-shells and stones.
Indian dresses, dolls, head-dresses, tomahawks, etc.

10. Children.

Issue of David Maclean Parry and Cora Harbottle, his first wife:

19. Helen: b.
d.
m. Frank N. Fitzgerald.

20. Cora: b.
d.
m. Warren D. Oakes.

Issue of David Maclean Parry and Hessie Daisy Maxwell, his second wife:

21. Lydia: b. July 26, 1884.
d.
m. Sept. 5, 1908, William Carey Teasdale, Jr.

22. Maxwell Oswald: b. Dec. 28, 1886.
d. July 8, 1918. (Killed in action in France).

Max Parry, who was educated at Culver Military College; American College at Strassburg, Alsace; Hotchkiss Preparatory School, and Yale and Harvard Universities, was a playwright (Dad, The Lie Beautiful, Stingy, etc.), a founder of the Little Theatre Society of Indiana, and, in the first World War, a second lieutenant in the 147th Aero Squadron. (His papers, assembled by the present writer for a biographical article on Max Parry, form the bulk of documents in this volume).

23. Addison Julius: b. Feb. 18, 1889.
d.
m. Mary Freda Brown.

24. Isabel: b. March 8, 1891.
d.
Unmarried.

25. Ruth: b. Feb. 11, 1893.
d.
m. Victor C. Gorton.

26. Jeannette: b. Feb. 28, 1895.
d.
m. Emmert Daniel.

27. David Maclean, Jr.: b. Oct. 3, 1897.
d.
m. Dana Ritchie.

11. Bibliography of principal works upon which the foregoing biography of David Maclean Parry

A. BOOKS.

1. Who's Who in America, 1914-15 and 1916-17.
2. Commemorative Biographical Record of Prominent and Representative Men of Indianapolis and Vicinity (1900).
3. Will Cumback & J. B. Maynard, editors, Men of Progress, Indiana (1898).
4. Jacob Piatt Dunn, Secretary, Indiana Historical Society, Greater Indianapolis. The History, the Institutions, and the People of a City of Homes (2 vols. 1910).
5. Jacob Piatt Dunn, editor, Indiana and Indianans (5 vols. 1919).
6. Florence Wilson Houston, Laura Cowan Blaine, Ella Dunn Bellette, Maxwell History and Genealogy (1916).
7. The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography.
8. William J. Burns, The Masked War. The Story of a Peril that Threatened the U.S. by the Man who Uncovered the Dynamite Conspirators and Sent them to Jail (1913).

B. NEWSPAPERS.

1. The Indianapolis News for Wednesday, May 12, 1915.
2. The Indianapolis Star, Thursday, May 13, 1915; Friday, May 14, 1915; Sat., May 15,
3. The New York Daily Tribune, Friday, August 14, 1903.
4. The New York Times, Tues., July 1 & Wed., July 2, 1913; Sun., Aug. 23, 1914; Thurs. Ma
5. The Philadelphia Public Ledger, Thurs., May 13, 1915.

C. PERIODICALS.

1. The Cumulative Book Review Digest for 1905-06.
2. The Outlook, April 14, 1906.
3. The Literary Digest, April 21, 1907.

D. REPORTS.

1. Report of the American Trade Commission of the National Association of Manufactur on Industrial Conditions in Australasia (1914).
2. Commercial Report on Australia and New Zealand. Prepared by the Foreign Trade Commission of the National Association of Manufacturers (1916).

17. THOMAS HENRY PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12) married Katherine ------. Issue:

28. Abram: b.
d.
m. Agnes Alig.

18. ST. CLAIR PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12) married Margaret ------. Issue:

29. George: b.
d.
m. Marcella ------.

20. CORA PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15) married Warren D. Oakes, of Indianapolis. Issue:

30. Parry: b.
d.
m. Josephine ------.

31. Helen: b.
d.
m. Dillon Rudder.

21. LYDIA MAXWELL PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15) was born in Rushville, Indiana, July 26, 1884. She attended Mrs. Wright's School for Girls, and, from 1903 to 1906 Vassar College, from which she was graduated with the B.A. degree. On September 5, 1908, she married William Carey Teasdale, Jr., son of William Carey Teasdale, secretary-treasurer of J.W. Teasdale & Company, St. Louis, Mo., by his wife, Harriet Virginia Barnhurst. During the period of America's participation in the first World War (1917-18) Mrs. Teasdale was in charge of food work in Indianapolis. She also was active in women's suffrage and aided much to secure the vote for women in that city. As her husband's business ventures carried the family to various sections of the country they lived for a time in New York City, where she took courses at Columbia University, which awarded her the M.A. degree. In 1923 the family moved to Ocean City, New Jersey, where Mrs. Teasdale immediately took a leading part in social and educational affairs. She was a teacher of Latin and French in the Ocean City High School --- where she taught her son, daughter, and future son-in-law (the present writer). For several years she was secretary to the Commissioner of Finance, William H. Campbell. Then, about October 1933, she and her husband removed to Washington, D. C., where she obtained a position with the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. More recently, she conducted a real estate business in Poughkeepsie, New York, and at present (1943) is employed in her old home, Indianapolis.

William Carey Teasdale, Jr. was born in St. Louis, Missouri, December 18, 1871, member of a distinguished family of Baptist clergymen, the American progenitor of which, Rev. Thomas Teasdale (1752-1827), came from England in 1792 and settled in Sussex County, New Jersey. W. C. Teasdale, Jr. was a first cousin of Sara Teasdale, the noted poetess.

In June 1889 Mr. Teasdale entered the employ of Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, rising from stock and receiving clerk to the position of advertising manager in 1904. Later he became vice-president of the Shoe Mart Company of St. Louis, a vice-president of the Parry Auto Company, of Indianapolis (founded by his father-in-law, David Maclean Parry), and, in 1915, president of the Pathfinder Company (automobile manufacturers), of the same city. The Pathfinder Company had formerly been the Motor Car Company, of which he was also president. In 1917 he disposed of his interests in the Pathfinder concern. Subsequently he became vice-president and general manager of the American-National Shoe & Leather Corporation, of New York, a subsidiary of the Youroveta Home & Foreign Trade Company, Inc., of which he was a director. In 1921 he became director of sales of the Bradstone Rubber Company, of Woodbine, New Jersey, a position he occupied until his resignation in 1932. In 1933 he and his wife removed to Washington, D. C., where he died on Christmas Day, 1935.[1] His remains were taken to St. Louis, Mo., for interment in the Teasdale family lot.

Mr. Teasdale was a globe-trotter, he and his wife having traveled through most parts of the world at various times. Among the articles of interest which they brought back to this country mention may be made of a Chinese teakwood table, a Korean money-chest, a Chinese gong (from a temple), Arabian candle-stick (which they acquired in Cairo, Egypt), a Hawaiian mahogany chair, Indian plaques, etc. These pieces of furniture are now in the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rubincam, of Green Meadows, Md. Mr. Teasdale also had an unrivaled collection of Oriental shoes, which, assisted by his daughter and (then) future son-in-law he took to New York City and loaned to the American Museum of Natural History.

Issue of William Carey Teasdale, Jr. and Lydia M. Parry:

32. Priscilla: b. Dec. 14, 1909.
d.
m. Sept. 30, 1935, Milton Rubincam.

33. John Moffett: b. Jan. 12, 1912.
d.

23. ADDISON JULIUS PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15) married Mary Freda Brown. Issue:

34. Addison Julius: b.
d.

27. DAVID MACLEAN PARRY, JR. (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15) married Dana Ritchie. Issue:

35. David: b.
d.

36. Lucy: b.
d.

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[1] This account of W. C. Teasdale, Jr.'s career is based on his personal papers, now in the possession of the present writer.

28. ABRAM PARRY (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; Thomas Henry, 17) married Agnes Alig. Issue:

37. Cornelia Katherine: b. Oct. 6, 1909.
d.

38. Abram: b.
d.
m.

39. Thomas: b.
d.
m.

40. Letitia: b.
d.
m.

41. John David: b.
d.
Killed in childhood by a trolley-car.

31. HELEN JEANNETTE OAKES (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15; Cora, 20, m. Warren D. Oakes) married Dillon Hudder. Issue: (Surname Hudder)

42. Henry: b.
d.

43. Dillon: b.
d.

32. PRISCILLA TEASDALE (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15; Lydia Maxwell, 21, m. William Carey Teasdale, Jr.) was born in Indianapolis, Ind., December ~~[illegible]~~ 14, 1909. She received her early education at Tudor Hall (a private school in Indianapolis) and at public schools in that city, Horace Mann School in New York City, and public schools in Ocean City, New Jersey. In 1925 she entered Ocean City High School from which she was graduated in June 1929. She studied nursing at Indiana University School of Nursing in 1929-30, and later she took a business course at Philadelphia Business College (1931-32). She removed to Washington, D. C., in July 1934 to accept position of nursery governess. On September 30, 1935, she married a former high school classmate, Milton Rubincam.

Milton Rubincam was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, March 26, 1909, the only child of Milton Rubincam, advertising manager of The Philadelphia Evening Telegraph, treasurer of The Rubincam Advertising Agency, and general manager of The Philadelphia Advertising Bureau, member of the board of school directors and lecturer on history and religion, by his wife, Minnie Victoria Haines, a native of Holland Landing, Province of Ontario, Canada. Through his father he is descended from William Rittenhouse (1644-1708), first American paper-manufacturer and Mennonite minister and bishop, and Johannes Crollius

(1599-1662), court preacher to Landgrave Hermann of Hesse-Rotenburg and later Metropolitan (Bishop) of Hersfeld. Through his mother he is descended from Hon. John Wills (1660-1746), vice-president of the West Jersey Council of Proprietors and member of the Governor's Council of New Jersey. A cousin by marriage is the late Alexander Muir, Canadian, soldier, composer, and teacher, whose song, The Maple Leaf Forever, is the national song of Canada.

Milton Rubincam was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia and Ocean City, New Jersey (where his mother owned and operated The Stratford Hotel), and in 1925 entered Ocean City High School, from which he was graduated in 1930 (having flunked geometry, he repeated a year). He was a classmate of his future wife, Priscilla Teasdale, and a student in the Latin class of his future mother-in-law, Mrs. W. C. Teasdale, Jr. During his last year at high school (1929-30) he was high school reporter on the Ocean City Sentinel-Ledger.

He studied Journalism at Temple University, Philadelphia, from September 1930 to January 1932, and later secured a position with Combs Conservatory of Music, in that city. After holding odd jobs, he removed to Washington, D. C., with his fiancee, Priscilla Teasdale, in July 1934. From August 1935 to October 1939 he held successively the positions of clerk-typist, senior clerk-typist, timekeeper, and chief timekeeper on a W.P.A. project at the U. S. Navy Yard, Washington. From October 1939 to January 1942 he was a clerk with the Social Security Board. In January 1942 he secured a transfer to the Board of Economic Warfare (now the Office of Economic Warfare) as a junior clerk, and became successively assistant clerk, intelligence clerk, and senior intelligence clerk (present rating). He is assistant chief of the Cable Section, Service Division, O.E.W., and supervisor of the Distribution Unit in that Section.

As a genealogist, historian, and biographer, he is the author of over 40 articles on those subjects. From October 1938 to May 1942 he was corresponding secretary of the National Genealogical Society, Washington, D. C., and has been associate editor of that Society's Quarterly since May 1941. In May 1943 he was elected second vice-president of the National Genealogical Society. Since October 1941 he has been a contributing editor of The American Genealogist, of New Haven, Conn., and since September 1943 secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Junto, Washington. He is a member of the Pennsylvania Historical Association, the Historical Society of Montgomery County, Pa., and the Bucks County (Pa.) Historical Society. He is a Fellow of the American Society of Genealogists.

His published writings include: The Status of Professional Genealogists (reprinted from The American Genealogist for July 1943 and released by the American Society of Genealogists as its Publication No. 1); "The Springer Genealogy: A Critical Review" (The American Genealogist, Oct. 1941); "On the Use of the Term Palatine" (The American-German Review, Oct. 1943); "David Rittenhouse, LL.D., F.R.S.: A Study from Contemporary Sources" (Bulletin of the Hist.Soc.Montgomery Co., Oct. 1939); "The True Origin of the House of Gaunt" (The Genealogists' Magazine, London, England, March 1940); "David M. Parry" (The Indiana Magazine of History, June 1938); "The Formative Years of Lord Cornbury, the First Royal Governor of New York and New Jersey" (N. Y. Genealogical & Biographical Record, April 1940); "Henry Melchior Muhlenberg's Early Labors in Pennsylvania: 1742-50" (Pennsylvania History, July 1943); "Samuel Witham Stockton, of N. J., and the Secret Treaty with Amsterdam in 1778" (Proceedings of the N.J. Historical Society, April 1942); "Charles-François Custis, Belgian Historian: Scion of a Virginia Family" (Virginia Magazine of History & Biography, Oct. 1943); "Bericht über die Feier des 250. Jahrestages der U.S.A.-Papiermacherei", translated into German by Armin Renker (Wochenblatt für Papierfabrikation, Biberach an der Riss, Württemberg, Germany); etc. With Baron Harold de Bildt, former Swedish minister to Egypt, he edited: "Ancestry of Clarence Bloomfield Moore, of Philadelphia," by the late Clara Jessup Moore, for the National Genealogical Society Quarterly, March 1940.

Issue of Milton Rubincam and Priscilla Teasdale
(Surname Rubincam):

45. Milton III: b. March 21, 1944, Wash., D.C.

44. John Philip: b. September 27, 1941, Washington, D. C.

46. DAVID PARRY: b. Feb. 27, 1947, Wash. D.C.

He received his name in honor of his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather, Johann Philipp Rübencamm (1670-1726), Reformed pastor of Wanfried, Hesse-Rheinfels, who was expelled from his church by the State authorities for defiantly preaching Pietism as contrary to law. On Easter Sunday 1942, John Philip Rubincam II was baptized in Wharton Street Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, 54th & Catharine Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the church of his paternal grandfather, Milton Rubincam, an official there.

33. JOHN MOFFETT TEASDALE (Henry, 1; Thomas Jefferson, 12; David Maclean, 15; Lydia Maxwell, 21, m. William Carey Teasdale, Jr.) was born in Indianapolis, Ind., January 12, 1912. He received his early education in Horace Mann School, New York, and the public schools of Ocean City, N. J. In 1926 he entered Ocean City High School, from which he was graduated in 1930, in the same class with the present author. In 1929-30 he took a summer course at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J. From 1930 to 1935 he studied business and engineering administration at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which he was graduated.

Subsequently, he worked at different periods with the C. E. Cummings Company, of Newport, Maine, the Metallizing Engineering Company of New York City, the Bulova Watch Company, and the De Laval Separator Works, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

In 1927-28 he received training at the C.M.T.C. at Plattsburg, N. Y., and while in college received R.O.T.C. training. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps Reserves on July 25, 1935. In the fall of 1939 he was promoted to first lieutenant. He was called to active service in the Army December 1, 1940, and the next day reported to the 7th Field Artillery at Fort Hancock, N. J. In February 1941 Lt. Teasdale was ordered to Fort Monroe, Va., to attend the first class in submarine mining. He returned to Fort Hancock in April of that year, and was assigned to Battery A of the 7th C.A. On July 11, 1941, he was ordered to the Submarine Mine Depot at Fort Monroe, reporting there July 14. His first assignment was to write, in collaboration with Lt. P. A. Hutchinson, a manual on submarine mining, a task that took over a year. On March 12, 1942, he received the temporary promotion to captain. On April 23, 1942, the War Department was "streamlined" into 3 branches, the Ground Forces, Air, and Service of Supply. The Submarine Mine Depot officers were transferred from the Coast Artillery Corps to the Service of Supply, Ordnance Department. On September 28, 1942, he became property officer of the Submarine Mine Depot. On July 20, 1943, he was promoted to the temporary rank of major.

Maj. Teasdale is unmarried.

[1] This account of Maj. Teasdale was furnished at the writer's request for another group of family papers, and is condensed for the purposes of the present Parry MS.

Married Phyllis Davison & has:
47. Holly; b. May 27, 1945, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
48. Davison Parry; b. Feb. 14, 1947 " "

ABSTRACTS OF THE DEEDS OF HENRY AND SARAH PARRY, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

1802 — 1835

Note:- These abstracts were made from the recorded copies in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds for Allegheny County at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, 14 July 1948.

Deed Book 11, pp. 357-358: 12 April 1802.

From Henry Perry, of Allegheny Co., Pa., and Sarah his wife, to Ralph Culbertson, of the same county and state. For and in consideration of the sum of $100.00, the Parrys sold to Culbertson lot number 222 in the Borough of Pittsburgh, said lot being one quarter part of the property which Ephraim Jones, High Sheriff of Allegheny Co., had seized as the estate of William Wilson, deceased, at the suit of Joseph Simons, and which was sold by said High Sheriff to John Cready on 22 Dec. 1800, who, with his wife ~~Elizabeth~~ Eva, on 23 Jan. 1802, sold the lot to Detleff C. Seemann, and being 1/ moiety of 3/4 of same lot which said Seemann had sold to said Henry Perry, his heirs and assigns forever. Witnesses: George Wallace, William Watson.

Deed Book 13, pp. 279-280; 11 October 1805.

Henry Perry and Sarah, his wife, of the Borough of Pittsburgh, recite the history of lot no. 222, as given in above deed. For and in consideration of the sum of $200.00, they sell to William Willock 1 moiety of the aforesaid 3/4 lot, it being 1/4 part of said lot no. 222. Witnesses: James Cooper, Robert Giffen.

Deed Book 14, pp. 245-246: 30 March 1806.

From Archibald McCall, of the City of Philadelphia, Pa., merchant, and Elizabeth his wife, to Henry Parry, of Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co., Pa., carpenter, and Sarah his wife. For and in consideration of the sum of $1.00, said Archibald McCall and Elizabeth his wife grant to "the said Henry Parry and Sarah his wife for and during their natural lives and to the heirs of the said Sarah Parry, wife of the said Henry Parry and to their Heirs and Assigns forever," a tract of land called Julianna's Borough on the north west side of the Allegheny River, formerly in Westmoreland Co., now in Allegheny Co., in John Cunningham's District ~~[illegible]~~ no. 44, numbered 105 in the plan of the said district. The tract contained about 212¼ acres. Witnesses: Samuel McCall and Richard McCall.

Deed Book 18, pp. 476-477: 2 July 1810.

From Isaac Craig and Amelia his wife, to Henry Perry and Sarah his wife, all of the Borough of Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co., Pa. For and in consideration of the sum of $750 lawful money of the State of Pennsylvania, the Craigs sold to the Perrys one half of lot no. 442, the southeastern part, in the Borough of Pittsburgh. This lot no. 442 was the same lot granted by the proprietors John Penn, Jr. and John Penn, on 27 Sept. 1787, to James Perry, Esq., of the Town of Pittsburgh. James Perry aforesaid and John Perry becoming bankrupt, all of their property was sold on 5 June 1788 to the Commissioners of Allegheny Co., who on 7 June 1788 sold all of the estate to Andrew Bunner, John Gardin, and George Bickham, who on 1 July 1791 sold lot no. 442 to John Gardin, who in turn, on 7 May 1792, sold it to John McCullough. On 5 May 1796, said McCullough sold the lot

Deed Book 18, p. 479; 2 March 1812.

Articles of agreement between John Brashear, of the one part, and Henry Perry, of the Borough of Pittsburgh, on the other part. For and in consideration of the sum of $2.00, said Brashear granted to said Perry a part of lot no. 441 in the Borough of Pittsburgh. Witness: L. Stewart.

See p. -4- for Deed Bk. 21, p. 286, which chronologically falls in this place.

Deed Book 20, p. 317; 8 December 1812.

Articles of agreement between Thomas Enochs, of the one part, and Henry Parry, of Pittsburgh, of the other part. For and in consideration of the sum of $28.00, said Enochs granted to said Parry his right and interest in about 259 acres in Indiana Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., numbered 130 in the plan of Cunningham's District of Depreciation Lands. Witness: Ph. Gilland.

Deed Book 19, pp. 137-138; 9 November 1813.

Deed from Henry Parry, of the Borough of Pittsburgh, house carpenter, and Sarah his wife, to James Gibson, of the City of Philadelphia. For and in consideration of the sum of $1,950 lawful money of the United States, said Henry Parry and his wife Sarah granted to said Gibson one full equal fourth part of lot no. 222. Witnesses: William Hamilton, L. Stewart.

Deed Bpok 21, pp. 202-203; 20 July 1814.

Deed from Archibald McCall, of the City of Philadelphia, merchant, and Elizabeth his wife, to Henry Parry, of the Borough of Pittsburgh, builder. For and in consideration of the sum of $600., the McCalls sell to Parry the tract called Johns Borough in Cunningham's District of Depreciation Lands, in Allegheny Co., numbered 104 in the plan of said district, and containing about 212¼ acres. Witnesses: E. Ringgold, Ab^m Shoemaker.

Deed Book 21, p. 286: 7 December 1812.

Deed from A. Beelen and ~~Ax~~ Z.A.Tannahild, executors of the will of William Porter, deceased. They sold to Henry Parry 259 acres in Cunningham's District of Depreciation Lands, marked 130 in the plan, etc. Witnesse Will Steele

Deed Book 21, pp. 79-80: 1 August 1814. Ø
Mortgage
~~Bond~~ from Henry Parry, of the Borough of Pittsburgh, to Paul Busti, of the City of Philadelphia. Said Parry being indebted to said Busti for $12.00 conditioned for the payment of $600, he mortgaged to Busti a tract of land known as Johnsborough in Cunningham's District of Depreciation Lands and marked in the plan thereof as no. 104, it being the same lot which Archibald McCall and Elizabeth his wife had sold to said Parry on 20 July past. (See last deed on p. -3- of these abstracts.) Witnesses: L. Stewart, H. C. Haplin. This property was not redeemed until 13 March 1849, after Parry's death.

Deed Book 21, pp. 453-454: 20 August 1814.

Deed from Henry Parry, of the Borough of Pittsburgh, carpenter, and Sarah his wife, to George Martin, of Mifflin Township, Allegheny Co., Pa. For and in consideration of the sum of $2,120, the Parrys sold to Martin a tract called Julianna Borough, on the north west side of the Allegheny River, in Allegheny Co., Pa., in Cunningham's District of Depreciation Lands and marked no. 105 in the survey, containing about 212¼ acres. It was the same land that the Parrys had purchased from Archibald and Elizabeth McCall on 30 March 1806. Witness: L. Stewart.

Deed Book 24, pp. 131-134; 29 November 1817.

Deed from Henry Parry, of the City of Pittsburgh, carpenter, and Sarah his wife, to William Lecky, of the same place, Esquire. For and in consideration of the sum of $6000, said Parrys sell to said Lecky one fourth part of lot no. 442, which lot was part of the estate of James and John Perry, who went bankrupt, as described in a deed on page -2- of these abstracts. Witnesses: James M. Riddle, John Hannen.

Deed Book 40, pp. 412-413; 16 October 1819.

Assignment from Edward Price, of the City of Philadelphia, only son and sole heir of Edward Price, deceased. For and in consideration of the sum of $200, said Price assigned to Henry Parry, of the City of ~~Pittsb~~ Pittsburgh, his interest in lot no. 130 in Cunningham's District in Pitt, now Indiana Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., containing about 259 acres. Witnesses: James M. Riddle, Thomas Enoch.

Deed Book 28, p. 440; 23 October 1821.

Deed from Henry Parry, of Indiana Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., and Sarah his wife, to Elijah Trovillo, of the City of Pittsburgh. For the sum of $500, the Parrys sold to Trovillo one equal fourth part of lot no. 442, ~~Wix~~ in the city of Pittsburgh. Witness: Thomas Enoch.

Deed Book 30, pp. 128-130; 31 March 1823.

Deed from Henry Parry, of Indiana Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., and Sarah his wife, to Frederick Love, of the same place. For the sum of $305, the Parrys sold to Love a part of lot no. 130 in Cunningham's District No. 4 of Depreciation Lands in Indiana Township. It contained 71 acres and 2/10 of a perch. Witnesses: franfais qenette (?), John Wineman.

Deed Book 39, pp. 329-330; 25 December 1829.

Deed from Henry Parry, Esquire, and Sarah his wife, of Allegheny Co., Pa., to Alexander Culbert, of county and state aforesaid. For the sum of $60.00, the Parrys sold to Culbert a lot of 10 acres, part of a tract called Haden (Hardin ?) grove in Allegheny Co. and marked in the plan of Cunningham's District as no. 130. Witnesses: Benjamin F. Brewster, William Blakely.

Deed Book 50, pp. 138-139; 14 August 1835.

Deed from Henry Parry and Sarah his wife, of Allegheny Co., Pa., to William and David Rinehart, of the City of Pittsburgh. For the sum of $1200 the Parrys sold to the Rineharts a tract called Johns Borough in Cunningham's District of Depreciation Lands and marked in the plan thereof as no. 104. It contained 212¼ acres. Witness: Charles H. Israel.

ABSTRACT OF THE WILL OF HENRY PARRY, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

Office of the Register of Wills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

December 1 9 4 7

Will Book 6, pp. 325-326:

Last will and testament of Henry Parry, of Indiana Township, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Dated 6 January 1847. Proved 17 December 1847

Son, Thomas J. Parry, the tract of land on which I now reside in Indiana Township, containing about 200 acres, and bounded by the lands of Quinette, Lefevre, McConaughy, Marshall, and on condition that he pay or cause to be paid to my grandson, Henry Parry, one of the children of my son, Harrison Parry, the sum of $100 lawful money of the United States when my said grandson arrives at the age of 21 years, and also on further condition that my said son Thomas J. Parry shall pay at my death to my executors hereinafter named such sum or sums of money as may be necessary to defray my funeral expenses. To my son, Thomas J. Parry, I give all my personal property ~~and~~ of every kind and description of which I may be possessed.

My other children being so situated in life that they do not require any assistance from me, etc., etc.

Executors: Sons, John and Harrison Parry.

Witnesses: H. Parry, John Barton.

Codicil dated 2 September 1847:

It is now my desire to leave a legacy to my son Harrison. I bequeath to him the sum of $300 and direct the same to be paid by my son Thomas within 1 year after my death. And if my son Thomas should die without issue and without having disposed of the tract of land bequeathed to him, then it is my desire that the land be sold and the proceeds divided among my other children or their legal representatives, share and share alike. But if my son Thomas shall sell the land, the proceeds are to be equally divided among my other children, etc., etc. Witnesses: J. C. Parry, John Barton,

ABSTRACTS OF DEEDS OF DAVID MACLEAN, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

Note:- The following deeds were abstracted in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds for Allegheny County at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, ~~14 December~~ 14 July 1948. The records of David Maclean's land transactions were too numerous for me to abstract all of them in the limited time at my disposal, but most of the early ones were noted and abstracts of them appear in the following pages. All of the later deeds were examined, if not abstracted, and changes in residence noted.

Milton Rubincam, 15 July 1948.
Green Meadows, Maryland

Deed Book 4, pp. 562-563: 12 April 1796.

Deed from Henry Reichard, of the town of Pittsburgh, and Barbra his wife, to David Maclean, of Pittsburgh. For and in consideration of the sum of $200 lawful money of Pennsylvania, said Henry Reichard and Barbra his wife sold to said Maclean 3 full quarters of lot no. 413 in the city of Pittsburgh. Witnesses: Samuel McCord, William Diall.

Deed Book 7, pp. 389-391:

Deed from David McClane (signed Maclean), of Allegheny Co., Pa., to John Witherup, of the same. Maclean sold to Witherup 3 full quarters of lot no. 413 in the city of Pittsburgh for $250, it being the same tract he had purchased from Henry Reichard and Barbra his wife on 12 Apr 1796. Witnesses: John Williams, Prussia Macleane.

Strange as it seems, there are no deeds in the name of David Maclean between this one and the one that follows, dated 19 June 1827.

Deed Book 34, pp. 368-370; 19 June 1827.

Deed from John Scull, of Westmoreland Co., Pa., Esq., and Mary his wife, to David Maclean and Matthew Maclean, both of Pittsburgh, Pa. For the sum of $875, said Scull and his wife sold to the Macleans a lot in the Reserved Tract opposite Pittsburgh in Ross Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., it being part of out lot no. 31. Witnesses: James Irwin, Jonas Yaughner.

Deed Book 36, pp. 89-91; 3 October 1827.

Deed from John Scull, of Westmoreland Co., Pa., Esq., and Mary his wife, to David Maclean and Mathew Maclean, of the City of Pittsburgh, Pa. For the sum of $1,200, said Scull and his wife sold to the Macleans a part of lot no. 31 in the Reserbed Tract opposite the city of Pittsburgh, in Ross ~~&~~ Township, etc. Witnesses: James Irwin, Jane Irwin.

Deed Book 36, pp. 354-356; 4 April 1828.

Deed from the Trustees of the Presbyterian Congregation of Pittsburgh and vicinity thereof and in the county of Westmoreland (now Allegheny County), Pa., at present known as The Trustees of the Presbyterian Congregation of the City of Pittsburgh, to James H. Speer, M.D., of the city of Pittsburgh. For the sum of $1,550 the Trustees sold to Dr. Speer all of lot no. 440 in the city of Pittsburgh. The deed was signed by John Hannan, President of the Trustees, and David Maclean, Secretary. Witnesses: M. B. Lowrie, W. W. Irwin.

Deed Book 41, pp. 250-251: 9 February 1831.

Deed from John McDonald, of the City of Pittsburgh, and Isabella his wife, to David Maclean, of the city of Pittsburgh, etc. The McDonalds sold to said Maclean lots nos. 66, 67, and 68 in Pittsburgh. Witness: Chas. H. Israell.

Deed Book 41, p. 265: 14 May 1831.

Deed from Neville B. Craig, Esquire, of the City of Pittsburgh, and Jane Anne, his wife, to David Maclean and Matthew Maclean, both of ~~Allegheny~~ the Borough of Allegheny, printers. For the sum of $2000 the Craigs sold to the Macleans all of a certain lot in the Borough of Allegheny. Witness: M. B. Lowrie.

Deed Book 45, pp. 167-168: 4 July 1831.

Deed from David Maclean and Jane, his wife, and Mathew Maclean, Jr. and Jane his wife, of the Borough of Allegheny, to Mathew Maclean, Sr., of the same. For the sum of $600 David and Mathew Maclean and their wives sold to Mathew Maclean, Sr. the lot in the Borough of Allegheny which ~~they~~ the said David Maclean and Mathew Maclean Jr. had bought from Neville B. Craig on 14 May 1831 (see ~~above~~ deed immediately preceding this one). Witnesses: R. A. Camble

Deed Book 46, pp. 506-507: 1 January 1835.

Deed from Alexander ~~Back~~ Breckenridge, Esq., of the City of Pittsburgh, and Mary his wife, to David Maclean, of the Borough of Allegheny. For the sum of $2,300 the Breckenridges sold to Maclean a tract called "Bell Farm" on the northwestern side of the Allegheny River, containing about 232½ acres, etc. Witness: H. N. Weigley.

Deed Book 49, pp. 31-32: 31 January 1835.

Deed from David Maclean and Jane his wife, and Matthew Maclean and Jane G., his wife, all of the Borough of Allegheny, to Dr. James R. Speer. For the sum of $1800, the Macleans sold to said Dr. Speer a portion of the land bought from Neville B. Craig and his wife on 14 May 1831. Witnesses: Leonard S. Johns, Paul Morrow.

Deeds of 1836, in which the Macleans disposed of the property bought from John Scull and his wife in 1827, show that David and Matthew Maclean, and their wives, were residing in Indiana Township, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Deed Book 58, pp. 235-236: 1 July 1839.

Deed from David Maclean and Jane his wife, and Matthew Maclean and Jane G., his wife, all of East Deer Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., to Alexander Ingram, Jr. For the sum of $5,500, the Macleans sold to Ingram a lot in the Reserved Tract opposite to Pittsburgh, being part of the land which said David and said Matthew Maclean had bought from John Scull and Mary his wife, etc. Witnesses: Robert Dunn, M. Morrow.

On 21 April 1841 David Maclean, of Reserve Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., bought from Walter H. Lowell, for $70.00, lot no. 21 in Patterson's plan of lots in Reserve Township (Deed Book 63, pp. 17-18). On 26 May 1841, said David Maclean sold this lot, for $70.00, to Phebe Maclean, also of Reserve Township, Allegheny Co., Pa. (Deed Book 63, pp. 18-19). (Although the deed did not specify relationship, Phebe Maclean was probably the daughter of that name of David Maclean.

ABSTRACT OF THE WILL OF DAVID MACLEAN, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Office of the Register of Wills, Pittsburgh, Penna.,

Wednesday, 14 July 1 9 4 8

Will Book 7, pp. 335-336: Last will and testament of DAVID MACLEAN, of East Deer Township, Alleghany County, Pennsylvania.

Dated 14 August 1851.

Son, Mathew Maclean, that part of the farm on which I now reside, which lies north east of the Logan's Ferry and Butler Road.

Daughter, Mary (now Mary Coe), that part of the said farm which lies southwest of the road aforesaid.

Daughters, ~~Daughters~~ Lydia (now Lydia Parry), Phebe, Helen (now Helen Kean), and Martha , 4 houses on Federal Street in Allegheny City, each of my said daughters to have 1 house, Lydia taking the first one on Robinson Street, and the others taking in order of their ages and in which they are named, the adjoining 3 ~~houses~~ houses and lots, etc.

A lot of ground which I hold in common with my brother Matthew Maclean, on Rebecca Street, Allegheny, together with any money on hand or due to me at my decease, and my personal property to be equally divided among my above-named heirs, etc.

Executors: My son, Matthew Maclean, and my brother, Matthew Maclean.

Witnesses: James Henderson, William John Borland.

Codicil dated 9 September 1852:

Executors are directed to perfect a deed to ----- Desilver of the town of Warren, Armstrong Co., Pa., for a lot of ground I sold to him. Executors are also empowered to sell a lot of ground in the village of Farentum (Tarentum ?), and other pieces of property which I own. My sister, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, to have $30.00 annually during her life, to be paid semi-annually.

Witnesses: James Hend_erson, William John Borland.

Proved 28 September 1852.

ABSTRACT OF THE WILL OF MATTHEW MACLEAN, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

Office of the Register of Wills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wednesday, 14 July 1948

Will Book 22, pp. 86-87: Last will and testament of Matthew Maclean, of Springdale Township, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Dated ~~xxSeptember~~ 1 April 1879:

Having provided for my children during my lifetime, I now give, devise, etc. all my estate, real, personal, and mixed, to my ~~hsbnd~~ beloved wife, Jane G. Maclean.

Executrix: Wife, Jane G. Maclean.

Witnesses: Thomas Pillow, William H. Pillow, F. M. Renshaw.

Proved 5 September 1879.

* * * * *

Death Record Vol. 2, p. 344: On 5 September 1879, Jane G. Maclean, under oath, deposed that Matthew Maclean, late of Springdale Township, Allegheny Co., Pa., deceased, died on 9 (? --- blurred) August 1879, at 9:35 p.m.

WILL OF JANE G. MACLEAN (WIDOW OF MATTHEW MACLEAN), OF ALLEGHENY CO., PA.

Office of the Register of Wills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wednesday, 14 July 1948

Will Book 55, pp. 584-586: Last will and testament of Jane G. Maclean, of Springdale Township, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Dated 3 August 1894;

To be buried in Farentum (Tarentum ?) Cemetery.

Names daughter, Phoebe J., and daughter, Jane M.

Executors: Harry E. Armstrong and James C. Bunting.

Witnesses: Thomas A. B. Smith, Helen M. Kean.

Codicil dated 16 Oct. 1897.

Proved 14 September 1898.

The following is apparently a clipping from a magazine quoting from the New York Press. It is undated but from internal evidence appears to have been printed in 1895.

A GREAT CARRIAGE FACTORY

The largest carriage manufactory in the world is located in Indianapolis. The Parry Manufacturing Company is only nine years old, and yet for the year ending July 1, 1895, turned out and sold 120,000 complete vehicles. Placed end to end these would reach from New York city to Buffalo or Pittsburg, or from Pittsburg to Indianapolis, with enough left to reach from Indianapolis to Cincinnati. The founder and director of this stupendous business, which occupies six city blocks just south of the Union station, and employs never less than 1,000 hands, working upon twenty acres of factory floors, is D. M. Parry. Mr. Parry is a young man, only 43, and physically of the build that Benjamin Harrison must have been when a young man. Men frequently ask to see Mr. Parry, and when shown into his office talk awhile and then say: "Of course you are Mr. Parry, young Mr. Parry, but it is your father I wish to see." The truth is that D. M. Parry is one of the very ablest business generals in this country. He groups all the details of a great business into three departments --- making carriages, marketing them and collecting the money. These departments have their heads. T. H. Parry attends to the manufacturing, and is general superintendent; S. C. Parry, with the titles of secretary and treasurer, looks after the commercial end of the work, while president D. M. Parry oversees everything, and at the same time gives his especial thought to marketing the output.

Mr. Parry's idea of organization is that of the regular army. He issues a few cardinal regulations, but these are inflexibly obeyed. These are all founded upon progressive up-to-date ideas. One of his sayings is: "I reverence antiquity and am interested in fossils --- in cases." He believes in piece-work; that a man, woman or child should be paid well for all he can achieve. A woman, for the same piece of work, should be paid as much as a man. By pursuing this equitable system such a thing as trouble among employes has never happened in the Parry works. Mr. Parry never permits an employe to think he is busy --- he must know that he is busy by the results shown --- or quit. D. M. Parry does more work than a dozen ordinary men, yet is never "rushed," never ruffled, apparently never very busy; no one is ever compelled to wait to see him. He acts on the principle that another man's time is as valuable to that man as his own time is to himself. He is literally accessible at all times to all people, in whatever walk of life. By the observance of a few rules of conduct such as these, founded upon modest common sense, this president of the greatest carriage manufactory in the world, transacts all his own business, helps many others to transact their affairs, is never oberworked, and looks to be 33 instead of 43 years of age.

From a clipping of about 1895 entitled: A GREAT CARRIAGE FACTORY

While for his own output Mr. Parry does not care greatly for a protective tariff, for as to quality, quantity and prices he has no competitors anywhere, yet he believes thoroughly in the wisdom of protection.

Mr. Parry has many employes who own vehicles varying from the dog cart to a surrey, and whose wives or daughters drive to the factory when work is over. Mr. Parry sees all this from his office windows, and has looked in vain for similar scenes among the factories of England, France and Germany. He says he has men in his employ who are first-class workmen, and who in Germany, by working seven days per week, earned $4.90. Those same men in six days, in the Parry factories, are earning from $15 to $25 weekly. The difference between free trade and protection is the difference between foreign and American wages. Mr. Parry says epigrammatically: "I am satisfied, my employes are satisfied! it is for the free traders to find flaws in the system."

The result of following for nine years certain business tenets has made the Parry Manufacturing Company what it is to-day. The Parry vehicles go to every market under the sun, and the immense factory is frequently behind its orders. This establishment is truly one of the greatest of object lessons to be found in all the field of American progress in manufacturing industry. Nine years of discipline, and sorting out rank and file, and finding out who were willing to obey orders and follow their leader, did the business, and established one of the greatest concerns in this nation of big manufactories.--- N. Y. Press.

1934941

[Note:- An examination of the scrapbook in which the above clipping, presumably from a magazine, appears, reveals that the identical story is contained in a newspaper clipping (apparently from the New York Press, with "1895" written above it in ink.]

Clipping from the New York Herald --- undated

D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, Ind., one of the largest builders of spring vehicles in the world, was president of the Carriage Builders' National Association from September, 1898, to October, 1899.

Copied at Lake Forest, Illinois, Sept. 12, 1945

From a newspaper clipping of about 1900 or 1901:

D. M. PARRY'S COLLECTION OF
CURIOS FROM WESTERN PLAINS

D. M. Parry, of 1305 N. Delaware st., who has for several years been an enthusiastic collector of Indian curiosities, exhibited several days ago to his friends his den and all his interesting collections. Mr. Parry has a special chamber in which they are arranged.

On the walls hang relics of all descriptions. There are belts covered with German silver pieces which jingle and dance with every motion made by the wearer. There are handsome bags and pouches, papoose cradles and pipes of peace. There are hats and head-dresses of all descriptions. Among these the most serviceable is a rain hat made of straw and hair closely interwoven. The hair and feather curios are perhaps the strangest and most unique ~~animal~~ creations. In addition there are head-dresses for the children, head-dresses for the braves, all more or less alike and each denoting the tribal rank of the former warriors.

One of these head-dresses has a peculiar history. It has attached to it a small oval mirror and was once the possession of a squaw who was considered the belle of her tribe, and who disdained the advances of her native suitors and languished for the amorous smiles of the palefaces.

One day, after one of the tragedies for which the western plains are famous, the squaw belle, Blue-in-the-face, while calmly rifling the property in a canvas-covered wagon, driven by the white men who had been murdered in the Indian raid, came upon a pale face weltering in his blood.

Blue-in-the-face was a tender-hearted squaw, and a great sorrow welled up in her heart as she gazed at the dying pioneer. Nevertheless her desire for booty was greater than her grief, and, on searching the clothing of the wounded man she found a small looking-glass, which afterwards became a conspicuous feature of her decorated bonnet.

The same gory details attach themselves to another relic adorning the walls of Mr. Parry's wigwam den. It is a warrior's war jacket, made of buckskin and ornamented with fifty-eight scalps. It is not known to whom the apparel belonged, nor from whose heads came the gruesome decorations with which it is trimmed. It is but one of the mysteries of the western plains that will remain unsolved until the dry sands give up their dead.

On another portion of the walls are arranged the instruments of the chase and of war. Here are hung tomahawks, bows and arrows and spears. Under these are the skin and bone neck adornments, shells and snake rattles, employed in the craft of the medicine men of the tribes. Near these also are arranged the musical instruments fashioned by the Indians of the various tribes. There is a tom-tom and the huge drum covered with elk hide; there are also the tortoise shell rattles and the elk-toe sounders that were used to call the warrior bucks to arms.

(D.M.Parry's Collection of Curios from the Western plains;
from a newspaper clipping of about 1900 or 1901)

In cabinets and cases about the room are numerous other Indian curios, dolls for the children, bits of Indian chirography penned on elk skins in the cuneiform spheres employed by the red men. There are also leggins and saddlebags decorated with handsome bead work. There are buffalo robes, the manufacture of which required the uninterrupted labor of the Indian squaw through all the days of a year or more.

In direct contrast to these relics gathered from the American West is a large battle-ax picked up by Mr. Parry during a recent trip to Germany. The instrument of war was made in the twelfth century. He also has an ancient blunderbusses, cross-bows and relics of the crusaders' invasion of Southern Spain.

The modern instruments of war of native Turkey, Java, India, China and Japan are also displayed, together with interesting curios from the South Sea islands, Italy, Arabia, and Morocco. In Mr. Parry's collection is the Indiana shield which was used in decorating the wigwam in which Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for the presidency of the United States.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945.

Extracts and abstracts from The Indianapolis News, June 4 (1900, 1901, or 1902 ??)

D. M. Parry had an interest in the Beaumont oil fields in Texas. The J. M. Guffey Petroleum Co., composed chiefly of Pennsylvania oil men, owned nearly one half of the wells in these fields. There were eleven wells, from some of which the oil spouted 225 feet.

"Among the Indiana people who are largely interested in the Beaumont field is D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis. He invested in the new field after making a careful investigation into existing conditions there. Many of the most ~~cann~~ conservative oil men of Pennsylvania and California have invested largely in the field after personal investigations as to the capacity of the wells already brought in, the possible area of the oil territory and the character of the oil."

(The above story was date-lined Austin, Tex., June 3).

The following is taken verbatim from the paper:

Mr. Parry's Interest

D. M. Parry said to-day his father's brother owned about 5,000 acres of land in the heart of the oil territory. "I am helping to develop that land," said he. Mr. Parry has not been to the field. He is represented on the ground by a cousin."

(Note: D.M. Parry was President of the Parry Oil and Pipe Line Co., the firm which was interested in the Beaumont oil field.)

Notes and abstracts made at Lake Forest Ill., Sept. 12, 1945.

NOTES ON MRS. D. M. PARRY

An undated clipping of about 1901 or 1902 states that Mrs. Parry was a director of the Indianapolis Baptist Social Union.

The Indianapolis Sunday Star for February 20, 1927, shows a picture of Mrs. D. M. Parry sitting beside a spinning wheel in the library of the chapter house of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, D. A. R. The caption states that she "is chairman of the patriotic education committee of the Hamilton Berry chapter of the Service Star Legion."

Mrs. Parry was Honorary President of the Hamilton Berry Chapter of the Service Star Legion at the time of her death (1942).

From: Indianapolis Sentinel (some time about the year 1 9 0 1):

JULES VERNE'S HERO

Outdone by D. M. Parry and
Traveling Party

Sixteen Thousand Miles in Sixty-
Three Days -- Visits with Maj. Rich,
Minister Harris and Consul-Gen.
Gowdy -- What They Saw.

Mr. David M. Parry recently returned from a nine-weeks enjoyable tour across the continent of Europe and when seen by a Sentinel reporter expressed himself as having been vastly benefited in health by the trip. Mr. Parry was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Cora Parry, and Mr. Lott Guffin, who holds a responsible position with the Parry manufacturing company.

"I believe," said Mr. Parry, "we may be credited with having nearly equaled, at least, the accomplishments of Jules Verne's ubiquitous hero who girdled the world in eighty days, for we traveled 16,000 miles in sixty-three days, s aw an abundance that was intensely interesting, much that was not so interesting, and a very considerable quantity that made us all proud of the fact that we were Americans by birth, education and experiences. I might add that in the 16,000 miles of our journey, I have not included the lost motion and lost distances described by the ups and downs of our vessel in our voyages across and homeward.

"We sailed on the Wilhelm der Grosse nine weeks ago last Saturday. The Wilhelm is the largest, best-equipped and most magnificent sailing ship of the North German Lloyd line, with the exception, perhaps, of the Deutschland, the new trans-Atlantic flyer, whose tonnage and passenger capacity excels that of the big Wilhelm. We had beastly weather going over. It was awfully rough. I don't remember a day after we passed Sandy Hook lights going out after we were pulled in at the Bremerhaven front that it was not unpleasant. At every meal --- breakfast, morning luncheon, noon luncheon, dinner, afternoon luncheon, and evening dinner --- it was all the same; there were 'pig pens' on the table all the time. There was a congenial company of first cabin people, but with at least one-half of them overcome by the intensity of their feelings --- to put it mildly --- congeniality and good fellowship passed for little or nothing. One half, I might say, were sick from the constant churning they were receiving, while the other half were more or less indisposed from sympathy.

"We landed at Bremerhaven after a tempestuous nine days' passage, two days late on account of rough weather. We were in Germany ten days. At Hamburg I was struck by the splendid facilities for the handling of the tremendous volume of commercial traffic that comes to that mart from all parts of the world. Situated on the Elbe river, the city is provided with long lines of immense warehouses standing right on the water's edge, to which freight is constantly lightered from vessels that even with the heaviest draft, can find anchorage within short distances from their point of freight discharge.

From: Indianapolis Sentinel, about 1901

"From Hamburg we went down to Berlin. Berlin is, of course, the fashionable center of the empire, but there is much that does not strike the American favorably. We were, however, much interested in the national museum of arms. There we found carefully preserved the implements of war almost from the bludgeon with which Cain killed Abel to the Mauser rifle and the latest improved quick-firing machine guns that, for instance, proved so desperately destructive in the late Spanish-American war when American sailors were behind them.

"By the way, while in Hamburg, we had a delightful visit with Maj. and Mrs. William S. Rich. Every music-loving person in Indianapolis will remember Maj. Rich and his wonderful young son, Thaddeus, who, before he went to Germany, startled home people with his marvelous mastery of the violin. His father had him come up from Leipsic and he played for us. He has attained a remarkable execution and I honestly believe will later return to America as the most superb violin artist alive. Thad played for us, and in the execution of a concerto made his instrument sing, breathe, weep --- everything but talk. In short, he preached us an impressive sermon in harmony. In a plain sort of way I suggested to the young maestro that there was only one stumbling block in the way of his magnificent future and that was, in plain English, 'swell head.' He said he should never become afflicted with the disease that has killed so many promising young artists and I am of the opinion that when he returns to Indianapolis he will be found to be the same unpretending boy he was before he left.

"The railroad accomodations of the wontinent, almost without exception, are atrocious --- fifty years behind the twentieth century. Little measly coaches, in each of which seven passengers are locked, the conductor passing along the outside on a running board, and at each and every little station unlocking the door, thrusting in his head and, generally in guttural and unintelligent tones, saying something which, in effect, is the name of the place and how long passengers have to get something to eat of they want it. That is the way we rode from Berlin to Vienna.

"At the Austrian capital we were delightfully entertained by Minister Addison C. Harris and his estimable wife. Mr. Harris said, in so/ many words, he does not have work enough to keep him from being constantly weary. You know he has always been a very active man. He told me that all the stories which have been published to the effect that he was going to resign his position have been absolutely untrue; that he had no intention of ~~mmx~~ leaving his post. I am convinced of this, however: If Mr. McKinley should voluntarily offer him the post of attorney-general he would perhaps accept it.

"Vienna is certainly a beautiful city, but not nearly so attractive a place as Indianapolis. Indeed, from my observations at home and abroad, I am convinced that the three handsomest cities in the wide world are Paris, Brussels, and Indianapolis. As to hotel accomodations in Europe I want to say right here, in my opinion, there are but two first-class hostelries on all the continent --- the Bristol in Berlin and the Quirinal in Rome. There is but little difficult to be met with customs officers at the border. They know when a person is trying to circumvent them and those kind of people invariably get the worst of it. As a rule the officers who examine your passports and luggage are gentlemen wherever you run across them.

From: Indianapolis Sentinel, about 1901

"After leaving Vienna our next objective point was Venice and our railroad ride through the rugged Alpine country was delightful, possibly the most picturesque in the world. There were cloud-piercing mountains, canyons and passes, peaceful vales here and there (and) along the route the remains of the former castles of the robber baron(s). The people in that stretch of ragged country drink only beer and wine; I suppose because they can't get water.

"We arrived at Venice at midnight. It was a chilly night, dark and uncanny. We left the cars at the depot and our baggage was seized by porters, to whom we gave directions to get us in some kind of way to the Hotel Royal Daniel. We were guided to the border of the grand canal and ordered into a gondola. It was like all the others, painted black and when we were seated our baggage was thrown in on us and the peculiar journey was begun to our hotel. Our gondolier kept up a constant succession of cries of warning to other boatmen and finally into what seemed like the mouth of a big arched sewer he guided our craft. After rowing for what I would say were a couple of blocks he drew up at the entrance to the hotel --- a series of steps leading up there, for the moment, we knew not. It led into the lighted lobby. Of course the next morning we visited all the principal points of attraction and kept it up for the time we were in the city of the doges. We crossed the Bridge of Sighs, leading from the old palace of the doges to the provincial prison, over which political and other persons were led to their doom, and then we were conducted down through the prison to the little door opening onto the canal where their dead bodies were received to be carried out and dumped into the waters of the Adriatic to feed that fish that afterward, no doubt, went to feed the Venetian populace.

"It was not all water in Venice. On the contrary, there are miles and miles of good roadway, without sidewalks. But as a matter of fact there are only two horses in the city and they are of brass. The climax of abomination in the place we discovered to be Venetian cigars. Each is about ten inches long, made if cabbage, and has a broom straw running through it from end to end for the purpose of being withdrawn in order to make the thing draw. I swore off smoking after I had struggled and gag(g)ed with two of the vicious things.

"We next went to Florence where we visited the magnificent Pitti palace and gloried in the grand gallery of paintings, embracing works of all the old masters, and here we saw much of the work of Michael Angelo. By the way I have arrived at a conclusion regarding Mr. Angelo. If he did all of the work attributed to him in Italy he would have lived at least 1,000 years and worked ten hours a day without losing out in time on the payroll."

"Mr. Parry and his party in turn visited Rome and Naples, enjoying all the great attractions of both great historical cities and then went to Pisa, where they spent some hours in the great cathedral and trembled for very fear at the summit of the leaning tower. From Pisa they traveled to Milan, where they marveled at the wonders of the magnificent Gothic cathedral. At their hotel in Milan they had the pleasure of meeting Giuseppe Verdi, the venerable composer, who has since died. The old man, during the afternoon, sent a porter fot a package of candied cherries and as he talked to his visitors leisurely covered the sweetmeats and then deliberately retired to a remote corner, seated himself in an easy chair and went to sleep.

From: Indianapolis Sentinel, about 1901

From Milan to Lucerne and thence to Strasburg, Mr. Parry and his companions journeyed, and finally went to Paris, where they remained several days.

"Everybody knows more or less about Paris, and we saw nothing but what has been well described time and time again," said Mr. Parry. "I had a very agreeable visit with Uncle Jack Gowdy. Now, I want to emphasize the fact that Jack is an American of the Americans. He has made himself really popular and in his plain American way is a good entertainer. I venture to suggest he is saving a little money all the time and occasionally buying a farm down in Rush county. He is well respected by all who have relations with him. Our trip home was in many respects an uneventful one. I have discovered one thing: Along the line of the industries, where work is to be done by hand, the mechanics of Europe in many respects surpass our own. In the way of machine-made products, however, we are beating the world."

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945

From a newspaper clipping of about 1 9 0 2:

HOW I RAN AWAY FROM HOME

By

D. M. Parry

Pres. of the
Parry Manufacturing
Co.

One of my strongest remembrances took place when I was a lad of ten on a farm. I thought I was old enough to make my own living, and so informed my father. The discussion ended in my getting a sound thrashing, which, while it hurt, did not change my mind.

That night I put on my Sunday suit, packed up my two check shirts and pair of jeans pants in a newspaper and started out to see the world.

Five days later I showed up at home.

My mother, brothers and sister met me at the door. When we came to the sitting room where my father was seated conversation suddenly became a little slow and somewhat strained.

In bounded the old family dog.

After thinking a moment I remarked:

"Well, I see you still have the same old dog."

That was more than father could stand after my five days' absence and he broke out into a good laugh.

That was my first and last runaway.

Copied at Lake Forest Ill., Sept. 12, 1945.

Albert J.Beveridge,
Chairman.

Committee on Territories.
UNITED STATES SENATE.
Washington.

March 3rd, 1902

Dear D.M.:

I have your letter about Hendee which shows that your watchfulness is as alert as ever. Pettit has already had this matter in hand, and Hendee has sworn to him by all the gods that he is for me against Hanly or anybody else. Hendee was in college with me, you know -- two classes ahead of me. However, he belonged to the Watson crowd. (But Watson swears he is with me) I wish you would -- if you can get the time -- go over the matter with Harry Pettit. I am so swamped with work down here that I cannot give it intelligent attention.

Don't forget that your steady loyalty to me is just as keenly appreciated as the human heart is capable of.

Your friend,

ALBERT.

Hon. D.M.Parry,
Indianapolis, Ind.

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Mr. Addison Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Indiana
U. S. of A.

Message: [Mutilated] March 31 '02

(Dear Ad)dy-

We are now traveling

(through?) Switzerland. This is

(our firs)t stop - a Swiss city.

(? ? ?) see a group that was

(? ? ?) to this city by our

(? ? ?)n of Strassburg -- Max

The picture represents a monument at Basel,

Switzerland.

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Mr. D. M. Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
U. S. of A.

Message: Gruss April 9 1902 aus Brig

Our party still consists of myself

and,

David K2 Goss,
Busch Hays,
Donald Goss,
Geo Fitzgerald
Albert Dinan (?)
Henri Pugnet
John Diven.
Francis (? ? ?)
Julian (? ? ?)
Elmer Goss
Kurt Vonnegut

We start this morning at 6 6'clock on

a stage coach and go to Domo de Sela MAX

(The picture is that of the mountains surrounding Brig, Switzerland.)

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Mr. Addison Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Forwarded to: 167 St. Charles Place
Atlantic City, N. J.

Message:

July 4 '02

We're here for the 4th. No noise.
I stepped on a match and it did
resemble a fire cracker a little.

MAX

The picture was of Baden-Baden, Germany.

POSTCARD

Addressed to:

Mr. Addison J. Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
U. S. A.

Forwarded to:

167 St. Charles Place
Atlantic City, N. J.

Message:

Aug. 5 '92

A letter from you yesterday. This
morning we left Strass. and came up
in the mountains to scotch.
Kurt Vonnegut** and MAX

The picture was that of the ruins of an ancient temple near Strassburg.

** Kurt's name is not certain. (MR: 9-13-46)

From: INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL, Wednesday, December 10, 1902:

MRS. LYDIA PARRY'S FUNERAL
REMAINS WILL BE BROUGHT HERE TODAY
FOR INTERMENT

The remains of Mrs. Lydia M. Parry, mother of D. M. Parry, will be brought to Indianapolis this morning for burial. D. M. Parry, who was in Washington when the news of her death reached him, immediately went to Pittsburg to make arrangements to bring the remains home. The body will arrive at 6 a.m. The funeral arrangements have not been made.

Mrs. Parry went East six weeks ago to visit her sisters and Monday, at Parnassus, Pa., succumbed to heart failure. She was the widow of Thomas Parry, and was seventy-six years old. She made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Jane Griffith, 1214 N. Illinois st.

Her sons are D. M. Parry, Thomas Parry, St. Clair Parry, and Edward Parry.

Copied at Lake Forest, Illinois, Sept. 22, 1945

From: INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, December 16, 1902:

WILL OF LYDIA M. PARRY

The will of Lydia M. Parry has been filed for probate. The Indiana Trust Company is the executor. A daughter, Jennie M. Griffith, is made ~~ele~~ sole beneficiary of the estate, and at her death the property is to be equally divided among the other children and their heirs, subject to the following conditions: That before such distribution there shall be paid from the estate $5,106.31 to Thomas H. Parry, $2,666.01 to St. Clair Parry, and that Edward R. Parry shall be deemed indebted to the estate in the sum of $3,157.50 and David M. Parry in the sum of $203.99. This condition results from money advanced to the children by the husband of the testatrix.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 22, 1945

HOTEL zum ASKANISCHEN HOF

Berlin, W. Königgrätzer Str. 21.

Dec. 26, 1902.

Dearest Is,--

I just know you had a great time yesterday with your presents eot. We didn't have any Christmas and I almost forgot about it. Just before I left Strassburg I received your letter and found something inside which pleased me exceedingly. Do you want to know what I did with it? I spent it for two pairs of socks and a pair of garters, and as those are bought with present-money they shall be considered as such.

We have been awfully busy since we have been in Berlin. Yesterday I rode on the underground rail-way for the first time. I think it is great, though they scenery is not very lovely.

For the first time in a long while, I had toothache to-day, and tomorrow I am going to a dentist to get them fixed. I remember how you used to yell and holler with a swollen jaw.

Donald Goss got sick last night and has been in bed ever since. He has sore throat and fevor.

This is a big and busy city, and reminds me much of New York. Where our hotel is there is noise all the time but last night there wasn't enough to keep us from hearing the man next door snore.

Every morning when we get up is dark and it is now dark and looks like it is about morning --- I will close this and go to bed ---

Embraces all love from

M.O.P.

(Envelope is addressed to his sister:

Miss Isabell Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.)

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Mr. D. M. Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
U. S. A.

Message:

Dec. 31 '02

We shall remain here for about an hour (not in the water)

MAX

(The picture represents a canal scene at Halle on the Saale, Prussian Saxony, Germany.)

From an undated clipping of about 1903:

BOOK ON SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

The Indiana Society of the Sons of the Revolution expects to get out, early in the spring, a fine edition of "The Book of the Sons of the Revolution in Indiana, No. 2." The book will be edited by William Allen Wood, of the board of managers. Contributions have been obtained from Charles Eliot Norton, president of Harvard University, Cyrus Townsend Brady, President Collins, of the California society, and other distinguished writers on subjects of interest to hereditary patriotic organizations. A bibliography of material concerning George Rogers Clark will also be included. The publication committee is D. M. Parry, W. L. Elder, W. A. Wood, John T. Barnett and Leslie D. Clancy.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 22, 1945.

[The following letter was written by Max, evidently to his mother, from The American College, Strassburg, Alsace. Part of it is missing. Probably the date should be 1903 ?] [Written probably in the late spring]

This morning I had trouble with Mrs. G. to get money for an opera ticket. I had a check for 5 marks and as she always does, she grudged me the amount; said if ~~Mrs~~ Mr. Goss were here he might not let me have it. I told her that you didn't care if I went and would be glad to let me have the money, but she replied, "I don't think you're mother understands this."

"Mrs. Goss," I said, "if mama didn't trust me with her money I wouldn't be here now."

At last I got it, but she has spoilt a nice time that I might have had.

Add studies right along and I heard his French teacher say that he took more interest in his class than most of the other boys, also his Germ. teacher said he usually gets "Very good," in his dictation. (something I don't do.)

We have had nice weather right along for 3 or 4 days, and to-day we went out and played baseball almost all afternoon. It was muddy.

I shall get your paper, though I do not know whether you like fancy with monograms, or with new art designs of heads, etc.

Now mama, I wish you would come over this summer, and go home with us. Do you want me to stay over here another year? If so, write about it. I have heard of a school in Geneva. Mrs. Hayes boy, Tom, is there, and if I come back for another year, I think I would like to go there; providing it is any good.

Write your plans and think about coming over. Don't let Mr. Goss get me in for another year till we have made our plans this summer.

Sorry to hear about Fitzgerald baby being ill; hope it will live.

Glad to hear about Grandma's and Grandpa's wedding coming off with so much gold. etc.

Good-night, your loving son

MAX

[Part of the following letter is missing. It was written by Max from The American College, Strassburg, Alsace, evidently to his father, and probably in the early spring of 1903]

talk about the one for this summer. I would like to have a room by myself if possible, and would like to have a good light boat with a sliding seat, and rudder, (also back seat.)

Can't you get mama to come over this summer? She ought to be able to say she has at least crossed the ocean, and besides it will be good for her health. I wish she would come over, then we might go to Paris for awhile and afterwards to London, or perhaps she can make some other plan.

As you already know we are to take a sojourn in Italy this Spring vacation. I expect it to be interesting, and also I want to make a request of you for the spring vacation: would you be so kind and condesending as to send me a little to buy perhaps some presents, postcards etc.? Also it is very convenient to have something in a side pocket for a rainy day. If I should get side-tracked, lost, or left-behind I could get along. You have just time to send an answer before we go. Dont forget!

Yours lovingly -

MAX

(POSTCARDS)

(Addressed to: D. M. Parry, 1305 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A. Picture of the Reichsgericht at Leipzig, Germany):

Jan. 3 - 03.

While resting here for an hour we are eating supper.

Yours MAX

(Addressed to: Mrs. D. M. Parry, No. 157 St. Charle's Place, Atlantic City, New Jersey, U.S.A. Picture of the Generalansicht at Zürich, Switzerland):

July 25 '02.

We took a big long trip around the lake to-day. Good and cool here in the Alps. We stay here another day --

MAX

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Miss Jeannett Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Indiana
U. S. A.

Postmarked:

Jan. 5, 1903

Message:

Hellow Jean. Hows chapy?

Having a grand time in

Berlin on our Christmas

vacation/

ADDISON.

Feb. 22 - 03.

Dearest Is,—

Yesterday was the birthday of our great Washington, and it was also Sunday. So I took my bath, and got up late just like everybody else does. Then the rest of the morning I spent in trying to learn my oration for to-day. It is the great speech by Patrick Henry, and as you know ends up with, "Give me liberty!or give me death!"

Yesterday after-noon we went to a kind of theater where we watched an entertainment given in honor of the carnival which comes to-morrow. Everybody sat at tables and drank, smoked, and ate, while the show was going on. Seems kind of funny to you, doesn't it?

After some some of us took a walk, and went to a big building where a mask-ball was being held. We peeked through the windows in plaxes where the curtains hadn't been pulled clear to-gether and in one place Clay found a window which was broken. He stuck his hand through and jerked the curtain aside, and then we could watch the people fine. They were dressed up all kinds of ways, and danced to the music of an orchestra.

To-day is vacation too, and this evening we have to say our pieces. I guess you had some kind of celebration in school too.

Awful glad to know we are going to be on the farm, and you kids will have great time with your pony, and perhaps great fights too. Papa means to build on Golden Hill - doesn't he?

Hope you'll have better weather, and I give a kiss to all from

MAX

P.S. (Ticket to the show)/

HOTEL LAVIGNE
Pension Française
G. Pace, Prop^re

Rome, Via Sistina N° 72.
April 9 - 03 -

Dear Mama,-

This is the first time I have had time to sit down and write. It is before breakfast.

We were in Naples the 5th, 6th, 7th, and part of the 8th. You know we rode all night and half the next day on the train. We were barely able to get seats and when we did we were crowded so that I undid my coat and so when I awoke in the morning I felt a queer sensation in my tonsuls which turned out to be my old stunt in tonsulitis. Was confined in bed for two days, had some fever, but by consulting doctor, and taking lots of medicine I got out of bed early Tuesday morning and went with the crowd to Pompeii. Very interesting. We then took cabs and drove near the foot of Vesuvius, where we took horses and rode up almost to the summit. We climbed up the side of the quator [orator]. We were at one side when the guide called for us to hurry so we could look in the quator, we started on a run, but the guide had started so a fellow told us to wait.

The guide took a man about 50 yrs. old. They were just to the edge of the quator when a lot of black smoke suddenly rolled up, and with terrible hissing sounds it went off throwing big stones and white hot lava into the air. It was awful. The guide jumped about doging the stones, while the other man ran towards the crowd. No stones hit out crowd, we were in the opposite direction. When it subsided we looked at the man, and saw the guide supporting him, blood streaming down his (the man's) face.

Had an awful fight to get a place to come to Rome. Two extra cars were put on.

This is the great week here, and we are certainly busy.

Love from

MAX

From: The Times-Democrat, April 15, 1903 (New Orleans, La.?):

SUGGEST PLACING PARRY ON THE TICKET WITH ROOSEVELT

Believed That President of Manufacturers' Association Would Accept Nomination to Unite Factions of the Party

David M. Parry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, probably will be the means of healing the breach between President Roosevelt and Senator Mark Hanna of Ohio. As is well known, there has not been the friendliest of feeling between the President and the Ohio Senator, but owing to the action of the Republican State organizations in indorsing Mr. Roosevelt for the Republican nomination, the Senator was practically out of the running before the fall elections, and since that time the President has materially strengthened his position. Fearing an open rupture between the President and the Ohioan, mutual friends of the two have been endeavoring to patch up a truce, and it is now suggested that this can be done by placing Mr. Parry, who comes from Indiana, on the ticket with Roosevelt in 1904, and it is understood that he will be most acceptable to both the President and Senator Hanna.

While Mr. Parry's name has not been mentioned as a possible candidate for the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency, except among the friends of the President and Senator, it is believed that he would accept the nomination in order to unite the two factions of the party. Mr. Parry is the personal friend of the Senator, and as he is from a State that is overwhelmingly in favor of tariff reform, he would be in line with the administration on this question, which probably will be put forward as one of the campaign issues in 1904. Mr. Parry, because of his views on the tariff and his friendship with the Senator, coming from a doubtful State, is regarded as the logical man for second place on the ticket.

While he has been an ardent Republican all his life, Mr. Parry has confined his efforts solely to his large manufacturing interests, and, being a business man of ability, he is a desirable possibility for the Republican leaders to put forward. While Mr. Parry will not discuss the question, his friends are confident that he will be called upon to accept the nomination for Vice President, and believe that he will accept and make the canvass for the election of the Republican ticket. Senator Beveridge, also of Indiana, has been mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for Vice President, but he is not regarded with favor either by the ~~Sena~~ President or Senator Hanna, ~~which be~~ while both realize that the nomination must come from the West, and the friends of each have settled upon Mr. Parry as the best available man. It is also probable that Senator Fairbanks' name will be put before the convention for the Presidency by the Indiana delegation, simply as a compliment to that gentleman, as he is popular throughout the Hoosier State but the impression is that the Republican ticket will be Roosevelt for President and Parry for Vice President.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., September 22, 1945

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Mrs. D. M. Parry
1305 N. Delaware St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
U. S. A.

Message:

8/5 '03.

This is the art school to which I go 2 days out of the week. Going there to-day. all well.

MAX

The picture represents the Kunstgewerbeschule at Strassburg.

From an undated newspaper clipping:

D I E D

DILWORTH, Mary Parry.---- On Saturday, September 19th, 1903, at 10:20 a.m., Mary Parry, widow of John S. Dilworth, in her 82d year.

Funeral services at her late residence, 6216 Stanton ave. E.E., Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Interment private.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945

From: The Omaha Excelsior, Dec. 12, 1903: Article entitled ---
"David M. Parry's Life Story."

[Excerpts]

"David M. Parry, president of the recently organized Citizens' Industrial Association of America, as well as of the National Manufacturers' Association, and today probably the foremost figure in America's industrial world, spoke last night before a large meeting of the Business Men's Association in Metropolitan Hall.

"Mr. Parry is one of the most talked of men in the country today.

"He is terribly in earnest, and backs this earnestness up with honesty, sincerity and ability. He has no quarrel with unionism per se, but believing that it has deserted fine theories for evil practices, until the movement menaces peace and prosperity, stands forth to combat it. And his example has put heart into hundreds until the forces of organized labor are now confronted with the armies of the employing interests, willing and able to battle for their rights.

"The trouble with most business men is a lack of initiative bordering on cowardice. They realize the danger that threatens by reason of unionism run mad, but fear to make a move so long as they themselves are not affected. Their neighbor's peril arouses them to no manly spirit, but deepens their selfish timidity, and makes them hug the ground still closer.

"Against this spirit Mr. Parry has inveighed and still inveighs. He has pointed out that if for no other reason than self-interest they should help the imperiled neighbor, for when his ruin is accomplished their own turn will come.

"'Meet organization with organization' has been his cry, and he has shown by his own example that the boycott can be successfully ~~resist~~ resisted, and that the walking delegate's word need not be law to the employer. To be sure, he has aroused a hue and cry against him, and the less far-sighted employers are of the opinion that he is 'too radical.'

"Perhaps there may be truth in this, but in the main fault cannot be found with any of Mr. Parry's written or spoken declarations on the ground of falsity, injustice, or incendiarism. He talks from the shoulder always, and calls a spade a spade, but when the battle is on, when ruin menaces and defeat threatens, then is no time to mince words, and a Gaston and Alphonse policy.

"Mr. Parry makes no pretense of being other than he is --- a plain business man, with a keen regard for the welfare of his country and the continuance of its prosperity. He is a small man, slight of build, and giving the impression of nervous power rather than physical strength. His forehead is high and broad, his jaw square and his chin protruding, a face plainly indicative of that happy combination of thoughtfulness and forcefulness. Undoubtedly a man who wanders far into the realms of speculation, a dreamer of dreams, but one whose love of action and innate practicality drag him back from the alluring domains of Utopia.

Omaha Excelsior, Dec. 12, 1903

[Then follows a biography of Mr. Parry]

". . . . .

"Mr. Parry is essentially a domestic man, and his pleasures are always such as can be shared by his wife and children. . . . . He has no fads and shares his time between his business and his family.

"He rises in the morning at 5 o'clock, even as he did on the farm, breakfasts at 6, and at 6:45 is in his office.

". . . . ."

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 15, 1945

P O S T C A R D

Addressed to:

Mrs. D. M. Parry
P. O. 500
Indianapolis, Indiana
United States of America

Message:

Ulm, Württemberg, Germany.

Dec. 27 - 1903. - Here for the night.

Add.

(The picture~~s~~ represents the Münster at Ulm, over which he wrote:

One of the biggest Münsters in Germany.)

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE
Ruprechtsauer Allee 54
Strassburg Alsace

Dear Lid,

From reports I infer that you now reside in Vassar or some other hole.

Hope you have by this time joined some society or club. I read in some paper that when the girls are hazed they are made to go through a few little arm exercises that don't even tire them.

Last winter was just the same as this summer and through our coldest spells the thermometer never got down as low as 32° which is freezing. I thought the same thing was going to happen this winter until the doctor told me that this winter was to be the coldest Germany has had for 50 years,- I have great hopes that it may get cold enough to give us some skating.

You haven't written me for quiet a while, and as I don't know your address I am going to send this home and let 'em forward it.

You heard about George I suppose? I am writting this letter in the room next to the one where he layed for two days, all I have to do is to open a door and his bed and the wreaths sent by the rowing club, lie before me. But I must tell you it is about 8 o'clock and every body is down at supper.

My room was papered yesterday, and things are in

[The rest of the letter, written by Max to his sister Lydia, later Mrs. H. C. Teasdale, is missing. From internal evidence, the letter appears to have been written in the late fall or early winter of 1903.]

(From a clipping of about 1 9 0 4)

"Views of the State Press"

The self-boosted boom of D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, for the Republican vice-presidential nomination is getting the fa frost that it deserves. Mr. Parry is an excellent gentleman and a successful business man, but his disabilities for the position of Vice-President are too numerous to mention. The two most important are that he is absolutely without experience in statecraft, and his ideas on the labor question are pre-historic. As Mark Hanna remarked in 1900, "Gentlemen, you must remember in nominating a candidate for Vice President, you are choosing a possible president."--- Crawfordville Journal.

Copied from at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1948.

THE VICE PRESIDENT,

Washington.

April 16, 1906

My Dear Mr. Parry:

When convenient will you be good enough to send the one hundred dollars subscribed toward the McKinley Monument Endowment Fund to the Treasurer of the Association, Hon. Myrton T. Herrick, Cleveland, Ohio?

Hoping that all is well with you each and all, I remain as ever

Faithfully your friend,

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

Hon. D. M. Parry,

Indianapolis, Ind.

P. S. It is impossible to say when I shall leave here. I hope by the early part of June. I shall want to have an old-fashioned visit with you when I get home.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945

From an undated newspaper clipping; the year was about 1907:

YOUNG PIANIST IN RECITAL

Miss Isabel Parry Charms Hearers With
Power of Interpretation

Miss Isabel Parry, a pianist 16 years old, gave a recital at the studio of Miss Mary Josephine Wight yesterday afternoon. Mrs. George T. Carlow, soprano soloist, sang. Miss Parry, on account of her youth, left a strong impression of power and possibilities upon her hearers. Her technique and interpretation were remarkable. Her touch was sure and her memory certain. The first number consisted of a nocturne and humoresque of Grieg's, played in contrasting style. Other numbers were the gavotte by Rubinstein and "The Spinning Song" by Wagner-Liszt, and the aria from F sharp minor sonata by Schumann. The climax of the program was conerts in D minor, with Miss Wight assisting at the second piano.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., September 13, 1945.

D.M.Parry, Pres't.
E.R.Parry, Vice Pres't.
L.D.Guffin, Sec'y. T.H.Parry, Gen.Su
S.C.Parry, Treas.

PARRY MFG. CO.

Indianapolis, Ind. U.S.A.

Nov. 20 1907

My dear Teasdale

I hardly know how to write you. First I want to thank you from the very bottom of my heart for your noble and generous proffer of help and the prompt manner in which you made it effective. I must say that I have always had a very high opinion of your make-up, but the action you have taken is almost beyond any thing any one could ask. It shows me that you are, as Mr. Brown said to me, pure gold clear through. While appreciating all this I can do no less than to return to you the money you so generously sent me. This I did yesterday by American Express and herewith enclose the N.Y.Draft. I cannot take either from you because I can pull through without being a burden on you and I assure you I am going to get through and come out on top. Nothing new has developed though work is going on looking to putting the whole thing in shape that we may be able or at least given a chance to work out. I will keep you posted as to how matters move along from time to time, and I assure you if I get to a point where it is necessary for me to ask your help I will do it. Meantime I am determined to work out my own salvation and see if I am made of the stuff that stands the strain and test. Again thanking you more than I can ever tell you

I am

Truly yours

D. M. PARRY

[Note: Original letter in the Teasdale Papers, in the collections of Milton & Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubincam]

D.M.Parry, Pres't.
E.R.Parry, Vice Pres't.
L.D.Guffin, Sec'y. T.H.Parry, Gen.Sup't.
S.C.Parry, Treas.

PARRY MFG. CO.

Indianapolis, Ind. U.S.A.

Apl 1st 1908

My dear W.C.

Glad to get your favor 30th and I thank you for the booklet which I have read over with much interest. I have always had a notion that when some fellow came along with a good idea that I could use that I would discard my poor ones and addopt his good ones, only twist them to suit my conditions.

As time goes on my personal affairs assume a better aspect. Some times my staying qualities are tested to the limit, but I just spring the steel trap attachment to my lower jaw and hold on, trying to look pleased, but often saying things under my breath that would not be accepted in good society. Within the next sixty days I think we will have matters in fairly good shape and I hope all closed up without loss to me. Any how I will not loose my hide.

There is no question but you have a man's job in starting your stores and putting them on a paying basis. Neither is there any question in my mind but that you will do it.

I was much amused last night at a discussion among the little ones at home. It was a question which was the better, the life of a stoic or take things as they come. Jeannette finally put an end to it by saying, as for her, she believed in eating, drinking, and being married, you would get more out of life.

Evidently Lydia is in for a good time. We had a letter and postal card from her same as you report. You need not cut our acquaintance because Lydia is away but bring some of your sisters and come over and visit with us.

With best wishes I am

Truly yours

D.M.PARRY

[Original in the Teasdale Papers, in the collections of Milton and Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubincam]

(The following letter, from Mrs. D. M. Parry, to her future son-in-law, W. C. Teasdale, Jr., of St. Louis, is undated, but the postmark on the envelope is April 17, 1908).

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
New York

My dear Mr. Teasdale,

Mr. Parry joined me yesterday, and brought me several letters from home, among them yours, in which you sent me your advertizement - It is certainly great, and you show your ability in that line, in that this one is especially new & catchy.

As I wrote you in my last letter, I came east about a week ago, first to New Haven, and afterward to New York. Max has been covering himself with glory - He took the oratory prize in the junior year. It is regarded as quite an honor, & I responded to Max's entreaties to come & hear him. Mr. Parry couldn't stay at Golden Hill without me, so lo and behold he arrived on the scene of action, and we will stay several days longer.

Max takes the leading part in a Russian play (classical) next Monday evening -

Mr. Parry is about to dispose of his interest in the Mexican mine and expects to make money.

Did you get a letter from me inviting you and your sister over? Not hearing I do not think you received it -

As soon as I get home (next week) come over to stay over Sunday. Jeannette will take the place of Lydia. Do you know anything about that girl of mine, where she is - It seems to me she was born abroad from the length of time she has been gone -

Good by, I cannot see to write well today it is dark at my desk -

Very sincerely

Mrs. D. M.

(Original letter in the Teasdale Papers, in the collections of Milton and Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubincam, Green Meadows, Md.)

From: The New York Times, April 20, 1909

MAUDE ADAMS ACTS
TO AID YALE THEATRE

Gives Performance of "What Every Woman Knows" for Dramatic Society's Building Fund.

Presented with a Medal

Entire Audience Rises and Cheers at End of Play---Special Train Used for Company and Scenery.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 19.--- Miss Maude Adams and her company this afternoon gave a performance of "What Every Woman Knows" at the New Haven Theatre, in aid of the building fund of the Yale Theatre, a project for which the Dramatic Association of the University is striving. Miss Adams herself met all the expense of bringing the company here from New York and gave her own services. Miss Adams came here yesterday, and was the guest of the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of the University, and Mrs. Stokes.

The audience this afternoon was made up of the society people of New Haven and many from other places in the State, and a large representation of the undergraduates. As tickets were mostly subscribed for, the best seats being taken at $5 each, the total amount raised is expected to be large.

Immediately after the performance Miss Adams and the company returned to New York on the special train which brought the company and scenery over just before noon.

Miss Adams was most enthusiastically greeted after each act, and once she came forward and thanked the Yale men for inviting her to appear here. As the curtain fell on the last act the entire audience arose and cheered. The descending curtain then showed that great masses of flowers, in which violets were conspicuous, had been rushed in from the wings, the gifts of many friends.

Max Parry, President of the Dramatic Association, stepped out of a box, and, addressing Miss Adams, announced her election as an honorary member, and he presented her with the medal of the association. Then from the footlights Mr. Parry led Yale men in the long cheer, with three "Maude Adams," and as this died away the Glee Club sang "For God, Our Country, and Yale."

Miss Adams thanked the audience, and for several minutes there was cheering.

A bare fifteen minutes was left for Miss Adams and her company and their effects to reach the train, but this was accomplished.

It was announced that the Dramatic Association will present "The Merry Wives of Windsor" on the campus on the Saturday evening before the baccalaureate address next commencement.

Copied January 20, 1949.

Tuesday, April 21, 1908:

Under this date the New York Daily Tribune reported that on the previous night (Monday, April 20, 1908) the Yale Dramatic Association presented a Russian play, Revizor (The Government Inspector) at the Waldorf-Astoria. "All the amateurs concerned acted intelligently and the audiences agreed that it was one of the best shows the Yale boys have staged." The play was written by Nikolai V. Gogol and was first performed in Russia in 1836. Alla Nazimova, the famous Russian actress, played in it a number of times in the United States, but always in the original. In this 5-act comedy MAX PARRY played the part of the prefect of police, one of the leading characters in the drama.

PARRY MFG. CO.

Indianapolis, Ind. U.S.A.

May 12th 1908

My dear Max

I received your letter yesterday and glad to hear from you. It was quite an honor shown to you to have Hotchkiss celebrate your success. I take it that does not occur often but I guess you were entitled to it. If you keep up the motion you have had this year it will not be long untill I can turn over to you my place in the public eye. You dont know how I long for you to get through school so you can help me. I have never had any body to help me carry my load, and I tell you it at times has been almost beyond my strength but if a man has not more than ordinary strength and determination he is certainly not booked for success. Nothing new to tell you.

Your loving papa

D. M. PARRY

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER,
Washington.

Indianapolis, Sept. 4, 1908.

My Dear Mr. Parry:

I trust the within letter is what you desire. If not, I shall be glad to try again.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

Hon. D. M. Parry,

Indianapolis, Ind.

[The following letter was enclosed:]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER,

Washington.

Indianapolis, Sept. 4, 1908.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this note is Mrs. W. C. Teasdale, one of the foremost citizens of our city, and a friend whom I am pleased to commend to your courteous consideration. Any favor extended will be worthily bestowed and gratefully appreciated.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

From the original letters in the Teasdale Papers in the collections of Milton and Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubincam, Green Meadows, Hyattsville, Maryland.

From: TRENTON (N.J.) STATE GAZETTE, Oct. 3, 1908:

YALE TAFT CLUB

Special to State Gazette.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Oct. 2.--- At an enthusiastic mass meeting of nearly 2,000 Yale students to-night, a club to support William H. Taft in the coming campaign was formed. Practically the entire student body and a number of professors were at the meeting.

Maxwell O. Parrr, of Indianapolis, son of David R. [sic] Parry, former president of the Manufacturers' Association of America, was unanimously elected president.

Copied at Lake Forest, Sept. 12, 1945

1909: MAXWELL O. PARRY

From: History of the Class of 1909, Yale College. Edited by Harold Phelps Stokes, W. H. Borden, and E. O. Proctor (1909), page 265.

Max Parry was a contributor to the Courant and the Record.

Parts played by Max as a member of the Yale Dramatic Association:

Freshman Year: Falstaff, in Henry IV (by Shakespeare).

Guillaume, in L'Avocat Pathelin (a French medieval farce, written before 1470).

Sophomore Year: Sergeant Shooter, in The Amazons

Sigurd Ribbung, in The Pretenders

The doctor, in Günstige Vorzeichen

Junior Year: The hero, in El Doctor y el Enferno

The Englishman, in On parle Anglais

Anton Antonovich, in Revizor (by Nikolai V. Gogol).

Senior Year: Whiskerandos, in The Critic (by Richard B. Sheridan).

Jeremiah Gosling, in The Fire-Eater.

In his senior year Max was president of the Yale Dramatic Association. He was also president of the Taft Club and was elected to Psi Upsilon fraternity. In his sophomore year he was Fence Orator and in his senior year Class Orator.

From an Indianapolis , Jan. 10, 1909:

MAXWELL PARRY ON AND OFF THE STAGE

(To left: Picture of Max in "The Cynic")

(To right: Picture of Max, Yale '09)

Maxwell Oswald Parry of Indianapolis, a son of D. M. Parry, continues to win laurels at Yale College. His latest triumph was in New York last week, when he played one of the leading parts in "The Critic," Sheridan's drama, presented by a dramatic club composed of Yale students.

Mr. Parry is about 21 years of age. He is now in his senior year at Yale. Prior to entering Yale he spent three years in Germany. He was one of the students at the American college of Strassburg established by the late Prof. Goss.

Young Parry has shown remarkable dramatic ability in the last few years. Two years ago, after appearing in a Russian drama presented by the Yale students in New York, he was offered many inducements to leave school and go on the stage. Daniel Frohman and other theatrical managers were interested in him. Some time ago he was offered $300 a week by a New York manager to become identified with the vaudeville stage. He refused because he did not want to forsake his college work.

PARRY MFG. CO.

Indianapolis, Ind. U.S.A.

2/14/09

My dear Max

I enclose a hash bill and ck for 50^{00} Go pay up.

This will be my busy week. Tariff Convention. Lydia and W.C. Will arrive from Cherbourg on Kaiser Wilhelm II about 23 Feby. Will stop at Waldorf in NY

With love

PAPA

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

(The following letter was written by D.M.Parry:)

PARRY MFG. CO.

Indianapolis, Ind. U.S.A.

June 2d 1909.

Dear Max

You no doubt will be surprised at the fact that I have resigned from the Presidency and Directorate of the Parry Mfg. Co. and have opened a little office temporarily in the Commercial Club building. I thought it about time to begin to get myself in shape to take life a little bit easier, particularly as neither Addison or you intended to take any part in the Buggy business. My interests however will remain the same in the Parry Co. except that my salary stops and as that was only 100^{00} per month, the same as Tom and Clair gets, So the loss then is not much. I am going to rest up a while and see later if I want to do anything and if so what. Either Mama or I will come over at time of your graduation. What time will it be? I think Mama will come so you better reserve her a place to stop. Lydia is improving.

With love

PAPA

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

Parry Mfg. Co.

Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

June 3d 1909

My dear Max

Respecting the books you want to buy. How much money will it take. Let me know at once and I will see if I can raise the required amount.

I wrote you yesterday about the Parry Co. I could see no use of my putting in any more time there as neither Addison nor you appeared to want to do any thing with it. By the way have you made up your mind what you wish to go after when you are through school. Addison thinks he wants to become a civil engineer and get into Auto-Railroad or Electrical matters. Dont forget to let us know when your graduation exercises come off and reserve good quarters for Mama as I think she will come.

With lovd

PAPA

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

Law Office
of
ADDISON C. HARRIS

Fletcher's Bank Building,
Indianapolis, Ind.

9/3/09

To the

American Consul-General,

V i e n n a.

Sir:

Permit me to present to Your Excellency Miss Isabelle Parry of this city who with her friend from Saint Louis expects to spend some months in Vienna in study. Mr. D. M. Parry, the father, is a friend of mine, an active businessman, widely known in the manufacturing world in this country. I beg you will extend to Miss Parry such kindnesses and courtesies as she may seem to merit and require.

I have the honor to remain, as ever,

Your obedient servant,

A. C. HARRIS

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945

MAX PARRY'S DIARY FOR 1912:- (Excerpts)

(Note: The diary for the years 1912, 1913, and 1914 is in the possession of Lt. Parry's sister, Miss Isabel Parry, Lake Forest, Ill., and was lent to M.R. for a study of Max's career).

* *

WED., JAN. 3, 1912: Over to Lyd's for talk in P.M. about play.

THURS., JAN. 4, 1912: Read M.S. of Myers entitled "Prince of Darned Fools" - 399 Pages long -
Hung around pretty close doping up throat - called on Lyd & talked of plays, ideas, etc.

FRI., JAN. 5, 1912: Read & finished M.S. of "Prince of Darned Fools"
Saw Walter Myers at 4 - returned M.S. with doubts as to dramatic values & advising a rewriting.

SUN., JAN. 7, 1912: Read & nearly finished "The Bee" by Materlinck - Over to Lyd's at 6 - Talked drama - etc - until 9
Back - read "The Bee" till 10 -

MON. JAN. 8, 1912 (To Cambridge): Packed trunk & grip all A.M. preparing to go back to Cambridge
Mother gave me $110.00 -
Down to train at 5.30 - met father at 6 - talked to Meredith Nicholson & wife & Ralph Lemoke at station - I said this weather was ideal time for wrecks - Nicholson walked over & bought Life Insurance -
Took train at 7 p.m., I was the only man in special Vassar car - Lawrence of Associated Press along - Supper with him - talk with Miss Eliz Frenzel & Lockwood -

TUES., JAN. 9, 1912: 6 A.M. Up at 9 - while dressing big crash came & bumped my head violently against berth - girls excited - some slightly hurt - dressed - explored up front - Miss Frenzel & Lockwood along - Miss Crawford followed - saw engines had collided with two others
Delayed 5 or 6 hours - changed trains
Met Miss Wilson (red hair) - talked
fooled away time & read - in Albany at 1
Changed to Boston train & to bed -

WED., JAN. 10: Arrived in Boston at 9 -

SAT., Jan. 13, 1912: Awful argument as to whether childhood or manhood preferable state - Mason & Anger pro
Freddie & I walked on Charles into Boston - at Lennox got tea - tired & cold - saw Toy Theatre - at opera house for news of next week -
Back to Cambridge for supper -
Read Lanier -
Telegram from Cary that John Moffett Teasdale came into world last night 10.45.

FRI., JAN. 19: To hear Louis Brandeis on "Trusts" at 5 - he decries great corporations stronger than state or man - thinks 3rd Rev. is at hand.

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1912

SAT., JAN. 19: (Max took a walk with Bob Taft (now U.S.Senator Robert Taft) and others).

SAT., JAN. 27: Read plays all A.M.-
To Sanders Theatre at 2.30 & got up on stage to hear Woodrow Wilson make a wonderful talk - crowded house & appreciative audience - altho' they rough-housed the introducer

WED., JAN. 31: In town to see "Boss" but read in paper that head of Boy Scouts was in town so to Tremont Temple to hear Lieut.-Gen. Sir Baden Powell tell of his war experiences - with lantern slides & of Boy Scout movement -
Back at 11 P.M. - read & to bed.

FRI., FEB. 2: Bud & I to see "The Boss" by Ed Sheldon - good motive but loosely worked out -

FRI., FEB. 9: Grandpa Maxwell died at 6.05 this evening - from weakness of old age -

MON., FEB. 12: Up at 9.30 -
Wrote & read on play -
To gym at 4 -
Afterwards stopped awhile in Brooks House & read magazines.
After supper in town & saw "Littlest Rebel" with Barnum Bros. a Civil War melodrama - rather loosely written - home at 11.30 - a bite to eat - read.

TUES., FEB. 13: 9 A.M. feel dopy as result
After breakfast read "Federalist" till 11 - then to Astronomical Mck Lect. on Eclipses of sun & moon which I was not prepared for - To gym - run outdoors
Grandfather died Frid. father sent letter and newspaper clipping
Wrote Grandmother a letter of condolence.

FRI., FEB. 16: Catalog from Knip on "Pathfinder"
To lecture at 3.30 - Baker read very poor scenario which all laughed at & which I'm sure the white haired old gentleman of the class wrote -
To gym for short run & set-up movements & shower -

WED., APRIL 10: Over at 8 to hear Lincoln Steffens at Union, found him eating supper & said hello - interesting talk afterwards in living room - made date with him for tomorrow -

THURS., APRIL 11:- Lunch at 12.30 City Club with Lincoln Steffens - he not on Globe - talked of plots etc.

MON., APRIL 15: News of "Titanic" sinking with over thousand on board -

TUES., APRIL 16: S.S. Titantic (White Star Line) went down with some 1500 including Col. Astor, Maj. Butte, Strauss.

MON., APRIL 22: Letter from dad enclosing election to Elizabethan Club at Yale -

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1912

WED., APRIL 24: Up at 9 & to Union - read Poe's Life (Vincent) & morning papers -
Trying to judge effects on future of I. Going into professional theatrical wk.
2. newspaper work in N.Y. for several months, then home & on press & into politics.
Reading on Poe -
To bed very early (10.30) after argument about Roosevelt's justice to Panama -

(Note: Max went to New Haven May 19, met his brother Add and their father, then went to New York May 21; the following entry refers to his brother-in-law, William Carey Teasdale, Jr.):

THURS., MAY 23: Carey arose before me & I got an extra lick of sleep -
He wakened me later - breakfast with girls (i.e. Max's sisters) - then to Metropolitan Museum to look at bronze chariot with idea of using it for auto -

(Max returned to Harvard, May 24)

TUES., MAY 28: Trying to put down thoughts on family play - find they come slowly.

FRI., MAY 31: Typewriting subject material for family play -

SAT., JUNE 1: Finished typewriting scenario for family play.

WED., JUNE 12: Phelps* sent exam of 4 quest. by mail which I answered at once - by special - 1. Compare Poe & ~~Whittier~~ Whitman
2. Webster's change of attitude
3. Four of Hawthorne's characters
4.

(Note: Max went to New Haven June 14, received M.A. degree June 19; went to New York June 21, then to Baltimore June 24, to attend Democratic convention when Woodrow Wilson was nominated for President of the United States, and finally home to Indianapolis June 29)/

FRI., JULY 5: James Whitcomb Riley drove up in his new Peerless & Ed calling I rode with them & Mrs. Holstein to C.C. where drank lemonade - passed conventionalities & sympathy to Mr. Riley -
Down town to meet Bob Hughes for lunch at Bd. of Trade - talked politics & situation here - Called on Smith of News for job but he said all full -

THURS., OCT. 3 - Spent most of morning writing on scenario of "Family" ---
Home at 1 with Jeannette - forgot to bring Helen Jeannette from Code's so got her - about 2 J. & I to fair grounds where Gov. Wilson spoke to Conservat. Congress - Mother & girls there & astonished to see me get a delegate's seat - Down town again. Home at 5.30 -

SAT., OCT. 12 - Stayed at home all A.M. writing on scenario - mother to market with Dave -
Played golf with Dad in P.M. - shower - home at 5 - wrote some -
In eve to see Alla Nazimova in "Marionettes" - interesting acting -

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*The late Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University.

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1912

TUES., OCT. 15 - Roosevelt shot in Milwaukee but proceeded to make his speech.

FRI., OCT. 25 - Writing playlet -

SAT., OCT. 26 - Writing playlet on paper while stenographer copied on typewriter - finished at noon -

THURS., NOV. 14 - In with mother to meeting of D.A.R. where gentleman wanted to be allowed to put on "Everywhere"
Ladies treated him like mere man he was, & he decided he couldn't talk to 'em -

MON., NOV. 25 - Wrote all A.M. on play - working out scenario - like "Way of a Family" for title -

WED., DEC. 18 - Down to Y.M.C.A. in car - exercise & bath
Out to factory - typewrote "Franklin" article in time-keeper's office -
Home st. car about 6.30 -

THURS., DEC. 19 - Finished theme & drawing on Franklin in P.M.
Took walk -
Capt. Fredericks of Los Angeles & Mr. Phelps of Minneapolis out with dad for supper -
Interesting talking at table Lyd strong for suffrage - took 'em to town-

FRI., DEC. 20 - Started on Alex Hamilton theme

WED., DEC. 25 (Christmas): Like early spring
Slept well - up about 10 - down to find presents - I got pajamahs - brushes - whist-broom - cuff buttons - books - socks - dollar - candy -
Taffy had dripped all over tree -
To Teasdales' where Hattie from Germany - then walked to grandma's about 30 of us there for dinner - Knip & I to Mary's - gave her Thoreau - great bunch of beauties in vase - Gladdings rebuked me for not tipping hat - to Mignon's for punch - home 11.30

THURS., DEC. 26 - Up at 9 - finished "Hamilton" & sketched
Drew picture of Roosevelt shaking his fist in Hamilton's face -

SAT., DEC. 28 - 26 ~~years~~ yrs. old today -
Stayed downtown all P.M. -

SUN., DEC. 29 - To 31st St Baptist church where Rev. Ohrum warned small audience of hell fire unless they repented
Over there at 2.30 & talked to crowd of boys about Boy Scouts - will organize
Expected Hastings but didn't come

TUES., DEC. 31 - In took in A.M. errands for tomorrow.
Prepared for Boy Scouts - sent article to paper -
Finished typewriting "Veteran Spook" about 9 - talked with ma who read it again -

1913

EXCERPTS FROM MAX PARRY'S DIARY FOR ~~1912~~

WED., JAN. 1 - Boy Scout Camp in session on Northern part of place all day - about 6 patrols - 75 boys.
Started coming early as 9.30 - -
built fires - played 'touch ball' & 'black man' - then mess & camp inspection - Riley out at 2 for exhibition drill - showed boys Dave's track - gave dope to reporter - took nap -
To Charity Ball with Nell & Mable Rose & Myers -
big crowd - car wouldn't run on high - to garage
fixed it - bed at 4 A.M.

THURS., JAN. 2 - Throat rather bad - Big photos in paper of events & Riley -

SAT., JAN. 4 - Couple of boys came to cabin & we worked on knots -
Sent M.S. of "Boys o' Gettysburg to Perkins Fisher care of "Variety"
Also wrote Riley thanking him for attending Boy Scouts meeting -
To Church - games & Scout work for boys from 2 to 3 P.M.

MON., JAN. 6 - Aunt S took Cary's car & thru mist to Atkins - Miss Speck & I left for 38th St., on Ill. ran into st. car pole - She pitched forward thru wind shield - cut head slightly took her in Mr. Dewey's home - proceeded over 30th - car stuck near home - got other - Miss Speck & danced once but felt weak - so home at 12 - Rain & dark - put machines up

TUES., JAN. 7 - Rain all day
Papers say zero but it is warm rain -
Called Cary at 7.30 - asking him to take my car & send out radiator -
Back to bed - Is came in to see if I were hurt -
Worked on car - with Tom from factory & radiator on - lamps off - Mother sore but she almost ran over man herself before day was over -
Phoned Bonnie to find that Miss Speck in bed - doctor called - nervous collapse - Is & I in rain to florists sent boquet of pinks -
Bonnie phones Miss Gallop was in Big Four wreck this aft - in hospital - & Dr. Storne on way. (Note: Other entries in the diary show that Bonnie's surname was Atkins).

FRI., JAN. 10 - Meeting with Scouts at 31st Baptist at 7 - walked over in rain -
about 15 boys there - Knots & "poison"
Think "Time & Change" by Burroughs a great book -

THURS., JAN. 16 - Finished up on four themes "Franklin," "Irving," "Poe" "Hamilton" -

THURS., JAN. 23 - Mother & girls pinched for not having front license - I went in at 2 to see Justice Lyons who was away -

SAT., JAN. 25 - Meeting with "Golden Hill" patrol - prepared for next Frid.
Played "Duck on Rock" - "Baby"
Pole vaulted - High jumped -

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1913 -

THURS., FEB. 13 - Maude Adams has reserved box for us for tomorrow -
finished bookplate for her which have been drawing last few days - folks like it -
Isabell good write up in paper about her piano recital -
Heard Orville Harrold sing at English's

FRI., FEB. 14 - Down at noon with Jeannette - no Maude Adams at hotel - so sent boquet of pansies - Met Williams (J.R.) with Hastings - left guest cards -
With dad saw part of show - Jeannette, pa, Ruth, Hugh, Mary Page back of scenes - Maude great - gave her bookplate
Maude gives us all valentines -
Dad gave me large ring with diamond & lion's head - made folks think Maude gave it -
In to Scout Meeting & then in town -

SAT., FEB. 15 - With family to Peter Pan - Lyd took Pricilla* who talked out loud - Saw Maude after - said drawing had gone on to Louise Barnhill in N.Y.

TUES., FEB. 18 - Grandmother died early this morning
Read part of B.S. manual -
Pitched ball with Dave (in basket)
Preparing St. Francis -

THURS., FEB. 20 - Spring like -
Walked part way over to grandma's
Cary picked me up -
Rooms filled with friends & dining room held relatives -
Taylor preached very tastefull sermon at 3 - saying Grandma was beautiful Christlike character - read her favorite text -
Mother, Dad, Ellen & I out to Crown Hill in same carriage - lowered her in grave of cement - walked home with dad -
Mother & I to Prayer Meeting - Atkins on "Hildebrand"

FRI., FEB. 21 - Writing playlet on St. Francis

SAT., MARCH 22 - Started on hike with six of "Black Hawks" at 10 - went N. on car tracks - thru Coburn's & to old R.R. bed - Dave grumpy & fell out - couldn't cross stream so took off shoes & waded -
Fire & dinner - on way back played in hay - In about 3 -
Finished paper on "St. Francis"

TUES., MARCH 25 - Big flood follows cyclone -
White river overflowing - looks like big lake -
Dave & I across in canoe -
Went to see where canal banks gave way at swimming pool -
Our canoe floated away - had to walk home - river washed tracks of interurban away - streets of city filled with water -

WED., MARCH 26 - Canoe suddenly appeared in our pond this A.M. -
Walked with pa & Jeannette down to Mich. Road bridge - all bottoms filled with water -
Cary's factory holds 6 ft. of water -

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* Max's niece, Priscilla Teasdale (now Mrs. Milton Rubincam).

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1913

THURS., MARCH 27 - Flood still high -
Cars stopped - no water -

SUN., MARCH 30 - Dave out to help Warren who is in charge of Relief Station No. 8 - on West N.Y. St.

MON., MARCH 31 - Out to Code's Relief Station in mach - Jeannette & Helen Wickes along - did errands - took clpthes-in to Craig's for refreshment -

MON., APRIL 7 - Wrote on play -
To gym,- basketball,- To Star - talked with Uncle John about working there - he precipitately announced my desires to Mr. Stuart - City Editor - No opening - John & I had squabble - he says Yale made me a cad. Finished act I of Lie Beautiful about midnight
Weight today 160 lbs. -

TUES., APRIL 8 - Wrote on scenario for act II of "Lie Beautiful" -

THURS., APRIL 10 - Death of Bill Borden, my classmate, reported in papers -, Spinal meningitis at Cairo, Egypt -
Wrote little article about him which took to "Star" - with photo in class book
Saw Ed Eitel who wants me to design cover for Riley set -
Home on car at 5 -

FRI., APRIL 11 - Article on Borden in "Star"

MON., MAY 5 - Fred Daley of Murat liked idea of producing "Boys o' Gettysburg" if G.A.R. will attend -
Showed "Ifs" to Bill Herschel of "News" who liked idea but suggested sending to syndicate.

WED., MAY 7 - Down town - got car at factory
Took Is & folks to Y.W.C.A. for concert at which Is played -
called on Judge McBride about G.A.R.
To meet him Frid.
Daley ~~said~~ of Murat said would put on playlet week of Fourth - (if not for G.A.R.

WED., MAY 28 - Took "Deacon's Masterpiece" to Star - took it & paid me $10.00 -

SUN., JUNE 1 - Our "Deacon's Masterpiece" appeared in "Star" this A.M. - family seemed to enjoy it -

SAT., JUNE 14 - Finished act I of Lie Beautiful -
Bought racket - tooth filled & another wedged -
Mother at G.A.R. meeting at Country Club - Ruth sang -
James Whitcomb Riley took me riding to Lebanon, Ind.

WED., JUNE 18 - Played tennis
Over to Lyd's & read her act I which we talked over -

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1913

TUES., JUNE 24 - Took dope to Star & gave it to City Ed. Stewart -

WED., JUNE 25 - "Star" appeared with photo & article that play is to be produced -

FRI., JULY 4 - In to rehearsal with mother at 10 - Took curtains - pictures - etc
About 35 members of Geo. Thomas post marched for me - show fairly well received (E.G., this was his playlet, "Boys o' Gettysburg")
Heat & noise of fire-crackers bad for play - Miss Webber came out home & ate ice cream -
Father arrived -
All in for show - went off much better - lots of friends there -

SAT., JULY 5: Played little golf with myself -
In town with girls - they to tea - I to Murat -
Took Jeannette down to sit back of scenes - Yanner with us to hotel -
"News" has review of show - not so very favorable.

SUN., AUG. 17 - Priscilla hit me in eye with tennis ball -

THURS., SEPT. 4 - Bob & I tennis - beat him 2 sets - he for dinner
Was going to Lyd's for ~~xxxxxx~~ criticism of Act II - but Bob wanted see Capt. Scott movies - so in at 8 - picked up Parsons - interesting evening
home at 10.30 -

FRI., SEPT. 5 - Going to get that criticism at Lyd's but Violet Barbour there - talked - in town at 8.30 - let Cary out for walk - in to movies - Lyd liked it so much that stayed for hour
Cary walked H O M E -

THURS., SEPT. 25 - Downtown with father -
Talked to Mr. Smith of "News" he advised me to go on smaller paper - said would speak to Sayler -
Father & I back to News - called on Hilton Brown who talked to me very kindly
Called on Code - she about well

SUN., SEPT. 28 - Off to Laurel, dad's birthplace,* at 9 A.M. with Carey, Lyd & Nell & dad - puncture just outside of town - fixed it & no more trouble all day - thru Rushville, saw Lyd's birthplace & family relics - to Laurel - ate lunch up on side of hill - back home at 6.30 -

TUES., SEPT. 30 - Writing preface to "Flower of Assisi"
Took notice of meeting to Star & called Mr. Stuart "Mr. Butler"

WED., OCT. 1 - Wrote beginning about Borden - & at 2 in to First Presbyt. Church with Mother - read article & play to good sized audience of ladies - Missionary Society -
To gym for bath & swim -
Home at 5.30 -

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*This is an error. Max's father, David Maclean Parry, was not born at Laurel, Ind., but in Pennsylvania not far from Pittsburgh. His early years were spent at Laurel, however.

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1913

SAT., OCT. 4 - Writing for Riley's birthday
Gave Dave & Hugh article "Boys Again with Riley" to take to News -
Warren Oakes & boys out for good time -

TUES., OCT. 7 - Riley's birthday -
"News" appeared with my article on Riley & drawing at top (3 col) Looks fine! Several telephone calls about it -

WED., OCT. 8 - Ed Eitel called up for Mr. Riley saying he was much impressed by article in "News"

MON. OCT. 13 - Up at 7 A.M.
Ready to tour to Madison to see our great great grandfather Abaleel* Maxwell honored -
Left home with Lyd & Is at 2.30 - then to factory - started away in new six at 4.30 - via Franklin & Columbus - stopped on hill outside New Vernon & ate supper - built fire - full moon -
In to Madison at 9 - beautiful sight of city far below - Ohio winding away - Folks all there -

TUES., OCT. 14 - Beautiful day - Up at 8 - after poor night - with man snoring next door - walked down to river with Lyd & baby & Is - then soon in machine with mother & rest to see where grandpa lived - where had his store - out to Hanover - in quaint old cemetery on bluffs of Ohio - unveiled tablet to Abaleel* Maxwell - soldier of Revolution - speeches by Dr. Wiley, Judge Wiley, Mrs. Schryer & others - back to church for lunch, to Wiley farm - houseparty of girls there -
started home about 3.30 via Shelbyville - in at 9.30

WED., OCT. 15 - Left all speeches in auto - so by st. car to factory - wrote article which took to News at noon - then to gym for swim -

THURS., OCT. 16 - Wrote Steffens for chance to work under him -
& Richard Smith of News for position

FRI., OCT. 17 - Writing on play - last act.

THURS., NOV. 6 - Met outside News by Laurence Cummins who summoned me as Deputy Sheriff, was sworn in with big crowd at Country Club -
To town after supper - Met Milton Lockaye - playing "Fine Feathers" he said he would look over my play
Met him after show & to Col. Club where discussed many things -
Likes idea of "Lie Beautiful"
To meet him tomorrow

FRI., NOV. 7 - Wrote Boy Scout articles
Down to town at 1.30 - met Miss Ruth Anthony - to Englishes Hotel at 2 - met Mr. Lockaye (who hadn't eaten) Elder Armstrong there -
Up to Lockaye's room - I read act I to him - seemed to like it - he read act II & we discussed act III - he told me to have it in N.Y. next month - he would read it to his manager. Took him to Mrs. Myers in heavy rain.

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1913

WED., DEC. 17 - Chosen to be on noon class volley ball team
Tel. & found Tarkington would be home at 6 - so in town with father & called - Wonderful home, full of treasures of art
Talked play & Lockaye with result that Tarkington will help - & will read it - (Note: This passage, for Dec. 17, was written in red ink).

THURS., DEC. 18 - Working play M.S. for Tarkington's eye - (Written in red ink(

FRI., DEC. 19 (written in red ink)
RED LETTER DAY
Sent play in to Tarkington this morning about 11 - to gym - hair cut
When reached home dad said Tarkington wanted see me at 4.30 so went back in in car -
He flattered me out of proportion to my expectations - wrote fine letter of recommendation to Lockaye & went over it, suggesting changes for better
Morti [Furchgott] called for me & was mistaken for Assyrian by Mrs. T. - folks all felt fine - to Lyd's - Morti going write letter -

SUN., DEC. 21 - "Scandal at old Yale" in Star with picture -

MON., DEC. 22 - To Lyceum "The Escape"

SUN., DEC. 28 - 27 years old today -
Stayed home & prepared for Yale play -

TUES., DEC. 30 - Fixed publicity - to papers
Preparing for Yale Dramat' tomorrow -
Stayed home tonight & to bed early -
Mrs. Marvin Rice Maxwell a tea on Penn. St. - with Jeannette - very small - stayed short while

WED., DEC. 31 - Phone ringing for me - so up at 8 - downtown at noon -
Miss Speck adding to my cares by desiring way to get to theatre - wouldn't come for lunch -
Home in Cary's car - changed clothes - Met fellows in "Sunbeam" at 3.30 - in machines to Harrison's - Ix I to Mank's to get Rose Heilman - her cousin kath along - to Harrison's about 4 - Fine "The Dansant" - to Geo. Meier's with fellows at 6 - Speck not dressed - to Columbia Club for banquet at 6.30 by Lew Wallace. Good show - took folks home - to Un. Club at 11.30

From a clipping dated March 2, 1913:

INDIANAPOLIS GIRL CHARMS MUSIC LOVERS

An interesting young society woman of whom Indianapolis has reason to be proud is Miss Isabel Parry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David M. Parry. Miss Parry has spent several years since she finished her school days studying the piano in Europe and she recently created quite a sensation by her playing before the Matinee Musicale in this city. That was her first semi-public appearance since her return from abroad and she received the congratulations and highest praise from her musical friends here.

Miss Parry spent three years in Vienna, studying with Frau Protnor* and Leschotizky** and she receive the highest commendation from these two masters for her work. Before going to Vienna Miss Parry had prepared herself here with Miss Wright Wight and at that time she gave promise of the future which she is making for herself.

Last year, while she was in Vienna, Miss Isabel was honored by being asked by Varnomum Novakonic*** to assist at a royal charity musical, when all of the officials of the country were present and the boxes filled with flowers. Miss Parry then received much praise for her playing, and just before leaving Vienna she played at a public musical and received a very flattering notice from Miss Bamberger, who is considered one of the musical authorities of Europe. Miss Bamberger said of her that she played with the most artistic finish of any person of the program, which included some of the noted pianists of Vienna.

Through the close friendship of the Parry family with Mr. and Mrs. Addison C. Harris, who lived abroad when Mr. Harris was the United States minister, Miss Parry had the privilege of meeting many of the notable personages of Europe. While she was abroad Miss Parry was chaperoned by her sister, Mrs. Helen Parry Fitzgerald, and Miss Harriet Teasdale.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945.

*Marie Prentner
**Theodor Lesohetizky
***Baroness de Novakovic

From THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, June 25, 1913:

Fred J. Dailey, manager of the Murat Theater, has announced that his company will produce a playlet by Max Parry, son of D. M. Parry of this city, next week. The title of the playlet, "Boys o' Gettysburg," is apropos, for next week the attention of the whole country will be drawn to the great reunion and celebration on the battle field of Gettysburg.

The play has been written especially for the Murat Stock Company and calls for a cast of five. It tells the story of a would-be veteran who longs to share the honors that are being heaped on old soldiers. His wife persuades him to wear the hat and coat of his long-lost brother. No sooner has the old fellow put them on than he is forced into a series of ludicrous situations in spite of all he can do.

At college Mr. Parry was president of the Yale Dramatic Association, which was seen here in one of Shaw's plays last December. He took part in every performance during his four years' term and was then offered an opportunity to do professional work under the direction of Daniel Frohman. Parry, however, decided to take up playwriting, and obtained a place in George Baker's class at Harvard. This course has now become famous for the successful playwrights it has turned out. Parry is also busy with a play which he hopes to see open soon in the East.

At a special service in the First Baptist Church some time ago for William Borden, the multimillionaire missionary, Mr. Parry read a playlet he had written in memory of his friend entitled "The Flower of Assisi."

(Copied by M.R. at The Library of Congress, Oct. 4, 1943)

From THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, Saturday, July 5, 1913:

Murat --- Boys o' Gettysburg

Yesterday afternoon and evening, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, chosen members of the Murat summer stock company proceded the production of Shaw's "Arms and the Man" by an adequate and sympathetic performance of a playlet called "Boys o' Gettysburg," written by Max Parry, of this city. About thirty members of the G.A.R. participated to the extent of marching past the windows of the scene where the action takes place.

Both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Parry's sketch is in its simplicity. It tells very directly the rather uneventful tale of a man whose brother had disgraced himself in the war by taking his name and getting himself shot while deserting. On the anniversary of Gettysburg he is persuaded by his wife to don the brother's uniform and pretend that he is his brother returned to life after years of wandering memory. This story goes very well until he is outfaced by his brother's companions in the old days and the ruse fails of its own weight. To comfort the old fellow his companions erase the shame from his brother's name and the curtain falls.

Herein is material for a brief sentimental or humorous magazine sketch. But there is hardly enough body to it to set it before the footlights. Mr. Parry owes a distinct debt to his players, especially to Mr. Wardo and Mr. Bliss, for they have seized with intelligence on his lines and have created real characters where only an outline existed. Mr. Wardo's simple old soul rings very true. Mr. Bliss's veteran is jovial and realistic. Miss Callaway carries her supposed years a little too lightly but is interesting in her part. Other roles are played acceptably by Miss Summers and Mr. Doucet.

The sketch will be repeated as a curtain raiser at both performances today.

(Copied by M.K. at The Library of Congress, October 4, 1943).

EXCERPTS FROM MAX PARRY'S DIARY FOR 1914

FRI., JAN. 2 - Slept till 11 - lunch at 12 -
Saw Herod about Howland's offensive attitude - Shower
Paderewski's son out for pa with Mr. & Mrs. Solley -
Home this eve -

MON., JAN. 5 - Up at 10 -
To gym for volley-ball at noon -
To Lyceum to review "Happy Hooligan"
Met Mary Carson -- to Benedicts - flowers to Mrs. Tark.

FRI., JAN. 9 - Mailed "Wee Plots" to Theatre -
In to gym - Left "Ifs" at Star -

MON. JAN. 12 - Mother removed be from room - put in desk -
To gym - to Lyceum "Bachelor's Baby"
To Col. Club to write review - to News & typewriter -
Home late - drove girls to hear Damrosch orchestra
[Written in red ink]

MON., JAN. 19 - Reviewed play at Lyceum "Blunders of Virtue" Mother went -
[This entry is in red ink]

THURS., JAN. 22 - Booth Tarkington on phone said would send star article to Cosmopolitan
Read "Second Mrs. Tanqueray"

MON. JAN. 26 - Reviewed "Thurston" the Magician

MON., FEB. 2 - To gym late - Finished rev. Life of Ham[ilton]
Reviewed "Oscar & Adolph" - musical comedy
Bad weather so didn't go in to lecture by Prof. Jenkins on Drama

FRI., FEB. 6 - Digesting U.S.Hist. working on Ham. & Burr scenario
To gym
Saw Mr. Smith of News who introduced me to Mr. Hodges his assistant - took name & tel. no. - will let me know when next vacancy occurs - Aunt Mary 11.30

MON. FEB. 9 - To gym - exercise & shower -

Reviewed "Madame X" at Lyceum -

MON., FEB. 16 - Reviewed "Newlyweds" at Lyceum

MON., FEB. 23 - Reviewed coon show "Darktown Follies"

TUES., FEB. 24 - Up at 9
Working on Act I - "Ham."
Mother paid debts - Seem much better
To Drama League meeting at Eng. with Barton Lyons
Sayler says review kept out for fear of offending negroes -
Back in St.car - to Eng. with Hastings - Chic. Rep. Co.

MON. MARCH 1 - To Lyceum to review "Whirlpool"

TUES., MARCH 2 - Reviewed "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde"

WED., MARCH 3 - To Lyceum to review "Bells"

~~[illegible]~~

Excerpts from Max Parry's diary for 1914

FRI., MARCH 5 - Wrote answer to Meredith Nicholson's remarks at Drama League meeting
Downtown in P.M. with Pathfinder - snowing & sleeting - to News - got coat - to gym for shower & swim - read in Eve -

MON., MARCH 8 - Reviewed "Mutt & Jeff"

FRI., MARCH 13 - In with Lyd, Carey & Jeannette to see Mantell in King John -
Well staged but diction of actors poor -

MON., MARCH 16 - Reviewed Keith's and Lyceum "Spendthrift"

MON., MARCH 23 - To gym - reviewed "Officer 666" in P.M. and Keith's with Jeannette at night

TUES., MARCH 24 - Up at 9.30 - typewriting last act of "Lie B." -

THURS., MARCH 26 - Finished typewriting "Lie B." at noon.
Downtown to review "Girl of Underworld", rotten

MON., MARCH 30 - Reviewed "What Happened to Mary"

SAT., APRIL 4 - Booth Tarkington phoned that "Everyman's Fear" sold to Assoc. Sunday Mag. for $75.00 - I quite elated - Demonstrated limo to Roach - out of gas - chopped wood
To see "Madame Mosello" with Barton - rotten.

WED., APRIL 8 - To Tarkington's - went over 3 acts of play from about 2 P.M. till 5 -

MON., APRIL 13 - Gym - Reviewed "Hawthorne of U.S.A." by Arvine Stock Co. Took limo to factory -

MON., APRIL 20 - To gym -
Reviewed "White Sister" at Lyceum -
Tried in vain to get Tarkington to take Pres. of League
To Drama League meeting at 8 - elected Prof. Jenkins, Pres. Talked play with Hastings

MON., APRIL 27 - To gym - beat Lyons at handball
To Lyceum for "Graustark" [indistinct word] romance -

WED., APRIL 29 - Read M.S. of "Everyman's Fear" - proof sheet -

FRI., MAY 8 - Wrote prophecy to be opened in 1919 - & placed it up in totem pole - painted most of day [i.e. painted totem pole]

MON., JUNE 8 - Article on Little Theatre appears in News.

SAT., JUNE 27 - Met Otis Skinner & took him in to market & station. Dave, Carey & Nell off for San Francisco - Dr's at noon - pruned trees - bath
read & wrote in eve -

From: Indianapolis News, Jan. 30, 1914:

GOLDEN HILL SOLD FOR
SUBURBAN HOME PLOTS

D. M. Parry Conveys Estate
to Arthur V. Brown.

FIVE LARGE TRANSACTIONS

Five real estate transactions, approximating $300,000 were consummated today through W. E. Stevenson & Co. The largest deal was the sale of Golden Hill, the D. M. Parry estate in Center township, adjoining the old Country Club. The purchaser is Arthur V. Brown, an attorney. The purchase price is understood to be between $175,000 and $200,000. D. M. Parry conveyed the property.

Golden Hill is one of the garden spots of Indianapolis. It is the intention of Mr. Brown to subdivide the property into tracts of five and ten acres for suburban homes. The property comprises a little more than eighty acres. The west end will be divided into ten-acre tracts and the east end into five-acre plots. A system of drives and boulevards will be laid out.

[Then follows an account of four other real estate transactions.]

(Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 15, 1945.)

The following prophecy, composed by Max Parry, was concealed in the Alaskan totem pole on the Parry estate at Golden Hill, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Thursday May 7th
1 9 1 4 .

To the next brave soul who climbs up here;

Having completed the job of scattering various colors about these nifty little figures, as well as having plugged up the holes that have begun to appear, I now pull down the ladder and leave this epistle resting in the highest niche on the pole.

I ~~prepeshy~~ prophecy that within five years the pole will be in such a state of rottenness that it will scarcely stand.

I prophecy that all this open ground will be teaming with small houses.

"Golden Hill" will be covered with dwellers. Streets will be cut through the grounds. A boulevard will be in operation.

By that time the mortgage will have been paid off, most of the ground will have been sold, and we'll still be living in our house.

All of our family will still be living.

Aunt Mary will still be in deep distress. Father will still be wondering what he should so. I'll have produced a play and made a little money. The Pathfinder car will be much more widely known but not wonderfully successful.

At the present time father is in Australia, Sydney, New South Wales, telling the inhabitants how to get rich.

Ad is on the Pacific coast with the Smith Lumber Company, --- prospects good.

Nell went to Cincinnati at seven this a.m.

Is stays on in Chi taking lessons of Fanny.

Jeannette is back from Finche's recuperating from the mumps.

Ruth is warbling by the hour.

Mama is well but eternally worried.

Aunt Mary went out to Reno to get her alimony yesterday.

Hugh has adopted us.

Lyd's babbies lately recovered from the measles.

I have spoken,

M A X

From THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, Monday, June 8, 1914.

Preliminary work for a Little theater in this city was begun Saturday evening by the appeatance of numerous subcommittees to look after such matters as the location of a theater, the selection of plays and players, and the choice of a professional director. At present the organization is only temporary in its character and will remain so until fall, when an election of officers will be held. In the absence of Mrs. Jennie Ray Ormsby for the summer the position of temporary chairman falls on Maxwell Parry. Assisting him is an advisory board composed of Carl Lieber, Oliver Sayler, Booth Tarkington, Nelson Hastings, and William Jenkins. Mr. Sayler, dramatic editor of The News, who is traveling through Europe, is studying the methods and conditions of foreign theaters.

"There is no connection between the Drama League and the Little theater," says Mr. Parry, "Our purpose is to gather together the best talent in the city, whether it be in playwriting, acting or producing, and give it opportunity for articulate expression. The amtive membership has no restriction except ability, while any one interested in the good things of modern drama has the right to become a charter member. We want to find the most capable and ambitious people of this city, those who would like to act or write for the sheer love of the thing, especially those who long to be connected with the profession but who are prevented from taking the step. All that any one will have to do is to get in touch with the heads of these committees. Then in the fall a company of players will be chosen by some competent judge, perhaps Maurice Brown, of Chicago, who will direct the first performance. Professionals may be used, if necessary, and if the play justifies it, a number of out of town visits will be made."

"The Little theater is no money making scheme, but rather an attempt to free the stage from commercialism. Playwrights should look on it as a place where they can test out their creations, aspiring actors should see in it a wonderful opportunity for self-development under the guidance of a director like Brown, and the public should anticipate an advance in stage realism."

The committee to obtain players has as its chairman Mrs. O. B. Jameson, who is assisted by Mrs. McNaul, Miss Jeannette Orlopp, Miss Eldena Lauter, Percy Pfaff, and Braden Caldwell. Maxwell Parry heads the committee to read and recommend plays and will be aided by Mrs. Mary H. Flanner, Miss Eleanor Cox, Theodore Griffith and Randall Dean. The general committee will be included if the manuscripts come too fast for the special committee.

The chairman of the membership committee is Mrs. H. H. Brown, who has with her Miss Eleanor Carey, Miss Pauline Schellschmidt, Mrs. W. C. Teasdale, John Holliday, Jr., and Morrill Moores. Another committee, composed of Mrs. Hackedorn, as chairman; Mrs. E. D. Clark, Miss Carrie Browder, and Miss Eddy, will inquire into the workings of the Little theaters throughout the country. The finances will be handled by Hathaway Simmon and others to be appointed. The committee on publicity is headed by Edmund Eitel, and includes Mrs. F. L. Dutton and Ned Hastings. The present secretary for the organization is Braden Caldwell, 140 West Nineteenth street.

(Copied by M.R.at The Library of Congress, Washington,D.C., Oct. 4, 1943).

From: THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, January 29, 1915:

PLAY BY MAXWELL PARRY
TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts announced in New York today that its midwinter production will be "The Lie Beautiful," a play by Maxwell Parry, of this city. The opening performance is scheduled for February 25, at the Empire theater, known as the home of Maude Adams and John Drew, and will be under the direction of E. E. Diestel, coach for the school and manager for the Frohmans. The American academy is the result of a combination of the old Lyceum School of Acting and the Frohman Dramatic school, and its performance at the Empire is an event among managers and producers who are scouting for fresh talent. Parry's play was under consideration by Charles Frohman, who suggested it to the academy.

"The Lie Beautiful" is a three-act comedy about home life in Indianapolis, and purports to be the study of a family going through an emotional crisis. The scenes are all laid in this city, and the household under consideration is said to be prominent in local society.

From: INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, Feb. 27, 1915:

MAXWELL PARRY'S PLAY IN NEW YORK

($pecial To The Indianapolis News)

NEW YORK, February 26.---- "The Lie Beautiful," by Maxwell Parry, of Indianapolis, was produced by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts at the Empire theater, yesterday afternoon. The performance was an invitational affair, attended by a distinguished audience of theatrical managers, producers and actors, among whom were Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Winthrop Ames, William A. Brady, Arthur Hopkins and George Tyler. The play is a three-act comedy of Hoosier home life, showing efforts of a mother and her children to tame an autocratic father. When affairs reach a crisis the home is saved by a stroke coming to the father.

The play was received with enthusiasm.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 15, 1945

From The Indianapolis News, Wednesday Evening, May 12, 1915:

DAVID M. PARRY IS
DEAD AT GOLDEN HILL

Had Long Been Strong Factor in
the Business Life of
Indianapolis

OF NATIONAL PROMINENCE

In Failing Health Since ~~Return~~ Return Last
September From Trip Around
the World.

David Maclean Parry, formerly president of the National Association of Manufacturers and one of the leading financiers of Indiana, died early today at Golden Hill, his estate northwest of the city. He was sixty-three years old.

Death was directly due to uraemic poisoning and heart trouble, from which he had been suffering for some time. He had been confined almost constantly to his bed during the last few weeks, and his health had been declining for several months, following his return from a partial trip around the world last year.

Mrs. Parry and all but one of the nine children were at the bedside when he died. The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at the country estate and the burial will be at Crown Hill. The funeral will be open to friends and the public, but the burial will be private.

Exerted Powerful Influence.

Although his declining health during the last few months had made necessary his withdrawal from practically all of his active interests, Mr. Parry at one time exerted a powerful influence in national and local affairs. It was said that he had disposed of practically all his business interests in local concerns before he left last year on his contemplated trip around the world.

Mr. Parry was a pioneer in the automobile and buggy industries and was a prime director in the building of the Indianapolis and Southern railroad and was one of the builders of the Newcastle & Toledo traction line. He was at one time chairman of the board of directors of the South Dakota Central railroad and a former president of the Carriage Builders' National Association.

Held Many Important Positions.

Mr. Parry had served as president of the National Cities Association; the National Manufacturers' Insurance Company; the Parry Manufacturing Company; the Overland Automobile Company and served as president and director of the Indianapolis Board of Trade and the old Commercial Club, now the Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the founders of the Country Club, the Columbia Club and the Marion Club, in all of which organizations he still held a membership. He also at one time owned an interest in the Claypool hotel. He was a Thirty-second degree Mason and was a member of the Mystic Tie lodge of this city.

Mr. Parry was born a poor boy and his rise to wealth and distinction was made through his own ability to handle men and large undertakings. Probably no man in Indiana was more widely or better known.

(From The Indianapolis News, May 12, 1915)

World Trip for Study.

His name was brought prominently before the public last year when, accompanied by John Kirby, a former president of the National Manufacturers' Association, and other members of the foreign committee of that organization, he left on a trip around the world. The purpose of the trip was to study the forms of government of other countries and inquire into the commercial relations that the United States had with them.

They were stopped on the trip when they were just about to sail from San Francisco, when the lobby investigation began in Washington before the senate committee in which M. M. Mulhall figured prominently. Mr. Parry and Mr. Kirby returned to Washington and testified before the senate investigating committee.

Stopped by War.

Mr. Parry later left the country and visited Australia, New Zealand, China and was just about to cross Siberia on his way to Russia when the European war broke out and he was forced to return to this country. When about three days out of San Francisco on his return from Japan, Mr. Parry suddenly became ill and had to be taken to a hospital in San Francisco on his arrival. He was met in that city by Mrs. Parry and later was brought to his home in Indianapolis.

After that time his decline in health was very pronounced, and at no time had his condition been more than convalescent. Members of the family and friends noticed no change in Mr. Parry's condition, which at various times caused him to suffer lapses of memory. It was believed that the poor food he received and other trying conditions which he met while in foreign lands brought about the illness which resulted in his death.

National Distinction.

Mr. Parry achieved national distinction while president of the National Manufacturers' Association because of the antagonistic stand which he took toward labor and the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Parry was generally credited with being one of the leading forces which, during the administration of President McKinley, restored an equilibrium between capital and labor in this country. While President of their association, Mr. Parry came out strongly in favor of the manufacturers of the country to exert a stand against the activities of organized labor.

Friends of Mr. Parry said that he was not opposed to labor and that the laboring man was always helped and encouraged by Mr. Parry.

Author of Novel.

He was known to be kind to his own employes and to those with whom he came into close contact. He was known as the author of "The Scarlet Empire," an anti-socialistic novel, which appeared a few years ago.

Golden Hill, Mr. Parry's estate, occupies a beautiful tract of land of 100 acres adjoining the old Country Club. Mr. Parry bought the property several years ago and built a beautiful home to be used as a country residence. He for-

(From The Indianapolis News, May 12, 1915)

merly lived in a large house in North Delaware street. For some time Mr. Parry with his family had lived at Golden Hill. The grounds are spacious and filled with many beautiful trees, interlined with driveways.

Born in 1852.

Mr. Parry was born in Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, March 26, 1852. He was a son of Thomas J. and Lydia (Maclean) Parry, who were natives of Pittsburg. The paternal ancestor, Henry Parry, born in Wales, was a civil engineer and had the distinction of erecting the first courthouse in Pennsylvania west of the Alleghany mountains. He rendered efficient service in the War of 1812, married a daughter of Gen. John Cadwallader,* also of Welsh descent, and of this union were born twelve children, of whom Thomas Parry, father of David, was the youngest.

In 1853 Thomas Parry removed to Indiana and settled on a farm near Laurel, Franklin county. He passed the last seven years of his life in Indianapolis and died here in 1899 at the age of seventy-six years.

David M. Parry was about nine months old at the time of the family removal from Pennsylvania to Indiana. He passed his youth on the home farm near Laurel. At the age of sixteen he left the farm and became a clerk in a general store at the wage of $10 a month, out of which he paid his "own board and keep." Eighteen months later he went to Lawrenceburg, where for two years he was clerk in a dry goods store.

In 1872 he went to Columbus City, Ia., where he passed a few months as clerk in a store conducted by his brother Edward, who is now a resident of Indianapolis and who is the eldest of the family of five children; David was the second in order of birth; Jennie is the widow of C.F.Griffith and lives in this city; Thomas H. and St. Clair Parry, well-known manufacturers, also live here.

From Iowa David M. Parry went to New York city, where for one year he was bookkeeper for the New York Enamel Paint Company. After this he was employed as a salesman in the wholesale dry goods house of Oberholser & Keeper until 1873, when he returned to Indiana and moved to Connersville, where he and his brother Edward engaged in the hardware business, the requisite capital having been provided by the father. A few years later the father met with a financial reverse and D. M. Parry sold his interest in the hardware business and diverted the proceeds to saving the homestead farm for his father.

Was Traveling Salesman.

Mr. Parry then became a traveling salesman for a wholesale hardware house in Cincinnati. He continued in this employment three years and then bought a hardware store in Rushville, where he lived and conducted business until 1882, when he sold his interests in that place. He had made arrangements to go to South America in that year as a salesman for agricultural implements, but the death of his wife, who was survived by two little daughters, caused him to abandon this venture. He then bought a small carriage shop in Rushville, where he continued in business on a modest scale for two years and in 1886 removed to Indianapolis. Here he rented a part of the old Woodburn-Sarven wheel works and began the manufacture of vehicles and farm implements, meeting with success from the start. He began operations with forty persons on the

* Recent researches indicate that Henry Parry's father-in-law, John Cadwallader, was not the Revolutionary War general of that name.

(From: The Indianapolis News, May 12, 1915)

payroll and as the years went on this number increased to about two thousand four hundred persons, and its products of lightweight vehicles came to be known nearly all over the world.

Brothers in Firm.

For several years his brother, Thomas H., was bookkeeper for the establishment in which he had an interest from the beginning, and in 1891 his brother St. Clair entered the firm. In 1899 the eldest of the brothers, Edward, came into the business, which was conducted under the name of the Parry Manufacturing Company, with offices in West Indianapolis, at Parry avenue, Henry street and the Vandalia railroad. In May, 1909, D. M. Parry resigned the office of president of the Parry Manufacturing Company, and became president of the Parry Auto Company, which was incorporated July 28, 1909, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, at Standard avenue and Division street, West Indianapolis.

In 1904 Mr. Parry organized the American Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with headquarters in this city. He was chosen president of the Auto Insurance Company of America and vice-president of the Indianapolis Southern railroad. He was a valued member of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States. He was elected president in 1902 and served four years.

Member of Baptist Church.

He was a member of the first Baptist Church, a Thirty-second degree member of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Masons, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. His first wife, Mrs. Cora (Harbottle) Parry, whom he married in Brooklyn in 1875, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher officiating, died in July, 1882. The two children of this marriage who survive her are Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald and Mrs. Warren B. Oakes, of this city.

On October 3, 1883, Mr. Parry married Miss Hessie D. Maxwell, of this city, who survives him with the seven children of the second marriage --- Mrs. W. C. Teasdale, and Maxwell, Addison, Isabel, Ruth, Jeannette, and David Parry.

Addison Parry, one of the sons who has been in the west for about two years, returned to Indianapolis just two days ago. The only child who was not present when Mr. Parry died is Ruth Parry, who is now in New York city.

Besides the children, Mr. Parry leaves three brothers, Thomas H., St. Clair, and Edward K. Parry, and one sister, Mrs. Jennie Griffith, all of this city.

From: The Indianapolis News, Wednesday Evening, May 12, 1915:

(E D I T O R I A L)

David M. Parry was born in Pennsylvania, but practically all of his life was passed in Indiana. His name has been widely carried throughout the world by reason of the distribution of Parry buggies and road carts. In the creation and development of this manufacturing business from small beginnings in Rushville to one of the largest plants of its kind in the country, Mr. Parry's constructive genius had its opportunity. His interests were varied also. He was of the cheerful and optimistic turn and a delightful companion among his friends. He could be also an open, frank and vigorous foe. In conduct he was always fearless. And that was one of the qualities that carried him to the front. He became the head of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States and was long in the counsels of that body. His death today will be noted and he will be missed by his many friends and the several business interests to which he had become attached.

From: The Indianapolis Star, Thursday Morning, May 13, 1915:

(E D I T O R I A L)

David Maclean Parry.

People who know David M. Parry gained such an impression of his energy and activity that the announcement of his death will bring much surprise to those who have not been aware of his illness, and the event will be difficult to realize.

He was a man of force and varied ability which made a distinct impress on the community during the years he was in active business. His executive skill, his power to handle large undertakings, his grasp of commercial affairs, set a pace in local business circles that undoubtedly served as examples and inspiration to his associates in other lines of activity.

His prominence in the National Manufacturers' Association, of which he was president for several years, and in other national civic and commercial organizations made him known throughout the country. He made his way to distinction and wealth by his own efforts, having begun as a poor boy, and was one of the notable self-made men of Indiana and an influence in the development of city and state.

Notes and excerpts from The New York Times, Thursday, May 13, 1915:

(Headlines)

DAVID M'L. PARRY
DIES IN 64th YEAR

Ex-President of National Asso-
ciation of Manufacturers Ex-
pires in Indianapolis.

LAWYER AND EDITOR FIRST.

Carriage and Automobile Maker and
Traction Magnate Was Author
of "The Scarlet Empire."

(In the course of this obituary, The Times states that Parry attended the Cincinnati Law School from which he was graduated and admitted to the bar. Then, we quote:)

"In the early seventies he came to this city and for a time was a reporter on The New York Herald. During this time he was a roommate of Robert G. Dun who later became the head of the mercantile agency. Captain Parry was also a friend and protege of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, by whom he was married to his first wife, Miss Cora Harbottle.

"After leaving this city he edited a newspaper in Montana and then returned to Indiana, where he started a general hardware store, / . . . .

"Captain Parry founded the Overland automobile factory and business, which he later sold to his former Superintendent, John Willys, for $250,000. He also gave Henry Ford his first financial assistance when he started in the automobile ~~industry~~ business. Captain Parry built and was President of the Indianapolis Southern Railroad, now part of the Illinois Central system, and also built and was President of the Indianapolis-Newcastle traction line. . . . . He was also a former Vice-President of the Farmers' Trust Company. . . . . At the time of his death he was President of the American Educational Society.

". . . . .

"Captain Parry was prominent in politics and had refused Ambassadorships and the candidacy of the Vice Presidency of the United States. He was said to have been responsible for the nomination of Benjamin Harrison as a candidate for President, and also put forward such men as former Vice President Fairbanks and former Senator Albert J. Beveridge. Among his intimate friends were General Lew Wallace, Prince von Bismarck, and his son, Hubert. . .

". . . . ."

(Note: The Times gives no explanation of the title of "Captain" which it regularly assigns to Mr. Parry.)

(The following clipping is undated, but it appeared probably in 1915 or 1916.)

CLEVER COMEDY
AT THE PRAIRIE

"Dad" Presented by Capable
Cast at Little Theater
Thursday Night.

The Prairie Playhouse opened a three nights' run of "Dad," a three-act comedy of home life, and "The Pierrot of the Minute," a one-act fantasy, on Thursday evening before an enthusiastic audience. The two productions are presented by capable casts and handled with that touch of sincerity which has already won a large place for the little theatre in the cultural life of the community. Mr. Crafton, as Pierrot in the fantasy reads into his lines a keen appreciation of the whimsical spirit of the piece. Miss McKenzie as the moon maiden, proves a most acceptable foil for Mr. Crafton's work. The piece affords opportunity for Miss McKenzie's classical dancing.

The comedy presented by a cast from the city's best amateurs is brimming with human interest and crammed full of real life situations. The piece deals with the intimate domestic problems which confront "Dad" in the management of his family. It's one thing to be a successful automobile manufacturer and another to be a successful father, as "Dad" finds to his sorrow. Methods applicable at the factory don't succeed at home, but a little fancied misfortune and illness bring out the intent family affections and make a satisfactory ending of the play.

The role of "Dad" gains importance in the keeping of Mr. Lou Maddox. Mr. Maddox handles the character of the satirical and often irascible and domineering father in a most capable manner. Laurence Thompson in the role Bob Breedlove, the auto manufacturer's son interprets his lines with a keen appreciation of their possibilities. Much of the comedy of the piece lies in his part and Mr. Thompson succeeds admirably in getting it over. Miss Clare Marry as "Bonnie" gives a very thoughtful interpretation of her role and evinces much promise, while Miss Margaret Evans as "Jane" brings the required measure of vivacity to her part. Miss Weinberg as "Mrs. Breedlove" gives a very acceptable reading of her lines. Lyman Thompson as Lyall Worth gave a very clever and easy interpretation. The minor parts are taken by Miss Haynes of Knox and Mr. Sanders of Lombard.

The settings for both pieces are admirably done, the set for "Pierrot" being especially artistic.

The same program will be presented this evening and at Saturday matinee at 2:30.

Unusual interest attaches to the next production at the playhouse, "The Edge of the World," a three act ~~comedy~~ play of Irish life by Albert Gilmer, a graduate of Knox college, now professor of dramatic literature at Tufts.

(From THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, April 17, 1916:)

CRAWFORDSVILLE DRAMATIC CLUB
PRESENTS "DAD" AND WINS PRAISE

(Special to The Indianapolis News)

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., April 17.-- Maxwell Parry's play, "Dad," was presented last Friday night for the first time outside of Indianapolis by the Crawfordsville Dramatic Club, as its concluding play of the season of 1915-16. The play has been presented six times in the Little Theater at Indianapolis. Mr. Parry, the author, accompanied by his brother and sister, and also by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Teasdale, witnessed the performance here.

"The work of the players was of high order, surprising us most pleasantly," said Mr. Parry, in a letter received yesterday by the committee in charge of the play, "and I want you to give them my heartiest congratulations."

The presentation of the play in the Little theater at the Masonic temple here was a triumph for the Crawfordsville Dramatic Club, which is doing for Crawfordsville what the Little theaters are doing for New York, Indianapolis and other cities. Membership in the Crawfordsville club, which was organized in 1910, is limited to 175. The club presents three plays and an operetta each year.

The cast of characters for "Dad" follows: Mr. Breedlove, Gould B. Washburn; Mrs. Breedlove, Mrs. Dumont Kennedy; Bonnie Breedlove, Miss Elsie M. Doubleday; Bob, Breedlove, Frank O. Maxwell, Jr.; Jane Breedlove, Mrs. Lloyd A. Waugh; Lyall Worth, Chester A. Scott; the doctor, Stephen C. Campbell, and the housemaid, Mrs. James Ray Thomas. The committee in charge of the presentation of the play was composed of Mrs. Clifford V. Peterson, chairman; Mrs. Edwin M. Brown, F. Arthur Schulze and Clifford V. Peterson.

Officers of the Crawfordsville Dramatic Club for the present year are: President, Fred T. McCain; vice-presidents, Miss Helen Elston Smith and Mrs. James M. Waugh; secretary, Mrs. Samuel C. Rowland; treasurer, Harry C. Morrison, and chairman of the membership committee, Miss Blanche Woody. Members of the club are required to take part in plays or serve on committees when requested. Since the formation of the club one member, Miss Maude Snyder, whose dramatic ability was developed through her participation in plays, is now on the stage, being with Walker Whiteside's company that recently returned from a tour of the west, presenting "The Typhoon."

(Note: A shorter review of Dad appeared in The Crawfordsville Review -- that clipping bearing no date).

April 22, 1916

In 1916 the tercentenary of William Shakespeare's death was celebrated. In honor of the event, the Little Theater and the Drama League jointly sponsored a program given in the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, on Saturday, April 22, 1916, at which time short scenes from several of Shakespeare's plays were presented. In a scene from A Midsummer Night's Dream, Max Parry took the part of Pyramus, and his performance was thus commented upon in THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS for Monday, April 24, 1916:

> "To Maxwell Parry, however, both as portly and pudgy protagonist in the Pyramus and Thisbe scene, and also as resourceful producer of that scene, goes the most unquestioned honor of the revel. Pushing beyond all reasonable bounds into the almost inexcusably broad burlesque, Mr. Parry compelled his audience to accept his premises and 'got away with it.' Casting off all Elizabethan shackles, he sought some of his most irresistibly comic expediments in modern intonations and implications. His squat Pyramus is good for a laugh yet whenever it comes to mind."

(Following clipping is undated, but was published some time in 1917. It evidently is ~~an~~ from ~~an Indianapolis newspaper~~ a Columbus, Ohio, paper).

FROM THEATER TO AIR.

Max Parry of Indianapolis, Ind., who was the organizer of the Little Theater of Indiana, reported last week at the aviation school at Ohio State university, having left the theatrical pursuits in which he was interested to answer the call of his country. He is a member of Squadron A.

Mr. Parry not only organized the Little theater, which has already become favorably known, but he is also the author of "Dad," a three-act comedy of Hoosier home life which ran for two months and which will have a New York production this winter. He was with the Washington Square Players in New York last winter as an actor and this summer he was sponsor for the Stuart Walker players, going to Indianapolis as a stock company. They broke all records in that city, playing for 13 weeks. They produced Tarkington's "Seventeen," which ran two weeks and which is expected to open its road engagement at the Hartman, September 17.

Perhaps while Mr. Parry is here, he will come in touch with some of the Columbus lovers of the drama. Most certainly he has done much both as player and producer, and he might be able to suggest many things which would lead to an enrichment of Columbus' dramatic experiences next season.

From: THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, August 14, 1917:

THE LITTLE THEATERS.

Charge That They Have Failed
Rouses a Member of the
Indiana Society.

To the Editor of The Star:

In the August issue of the Theater Magazine, my esteemed friend Maxwell Parry, headlined as "Director of the Little Theater of Indiana," has an entertaining article entitled "The Failure of the Little Theaters," in which he declares that "the general impression of them all is a nightmare of bankruptcy," adding: "There doesn't seem to be a Little Theater in this whole land that isn't being choked to death by unpaid bills." They are all "grand commercial failures, with starvation dead ahead." Mr. Parry proceeds to back up this assertion by naming several little theaters which have had financial difficulties, concluding: "The season at Indianapolis has been one dismal brainstorm."

Now the "director" of any theater --- little or big --- is supposed to be well informed as to its financial condition and to be more or less responsible if its affairs approach the condition of "dismal brainstorm." Nor is it usual for the "director" of any theater to herald its distress. There is a homely maxim about the obligation resting upon the occupants of a nest to refrain from contributing to its insanitary condition.

As a member of the Little Theater Society of Indiana, I was cherishing the comforting assurance that all its financial obligations have been met, and am both surprised and concerned to learn from its "director" that it is among those "being choked to death by unpaid bills." As a member of the board of directors during its first year, I can certify that it then met is financial obligations, with receipts of over $3,000, and handed over to its successors a plant of scenery, properties, electric fixtures, curtains, etc., costing several hundred dollars. Moreover, I have been assured by its present treasurer, George C. Calvert, that it has not only paid all its bills, but has a balance in bank. Is it possible that Mr. Parry's information in regard to its finances was derived during his brief sojourn, the early part of last season, as a member of the board of directors, during most of which time he was out of the state?

If the Little Theaters of this country and abroad had been started and conducted as money-making institutions, in financial competition with the regular theaters, Mr. Parry's arraignment of their "failure" would be substantially correct. But the dictionaries seem to suggest that "failure" is primarily a lack of success in attaining the end sought, and it will be news to most of those who have worked for the Little Theater that they were putting it on a pickle-factory basis. If financial dividends constitute the only legitimate success, the John Herron Art Institute is a flat failure --- as are also most of the other artistic and educational institutions in the world. They all need more funds to continue and extend their nobly altruistic and enlightening work.

The Little Theater at Indianapolis, like most of its congeners, has had to make the best of sadly inadequate direction, stage equipment and housing. But I have yet to hear of a Little Theater company left stranded 1,000 miles from home, as has sometimes happened to those working for the commercial stage. But, despite its handicaps, the Little Theater at Indianapolis gave a large number of local aspirants with dramatic gifts a chance to try their wings at acting and producing plays --- a chance which enabled some of them (including Mr. Parry) to secure professional engagements, and it produced some worthwhile new plays --- among them a notably clever comedy of Hoosier home life entitled

"Dad," from the pen of Maxwell Parry. Moreover, the Little Theater of Indiana did its potent part in developing a public capable of appreciating anf supporting such admirable performances as Stuart Walker has been giving it, and in preparing the way for the repertory houses whereby he aspires to place Indianapolis among the play-producing centers of the world.

Mr. Parry explains his solution of a situation wherein the Little Theaters "have been wishing too much on themselves" as "one play well done rather than a season of half-baked productions." The suggestion resembles that made once upon a time to the managing editor of a daily newspaper by one of his youthful subordinates to the effect that no paper be issued on days when there wasn't any news worth printing. How would the workers themselves prepare themselves for the one play well done if not by a season of half-baked experiments?

But Mr. Parry takes it all back in the finale of his article, thus approving his right to be considered a bone dry comedian, even more amusing when he pretends to be serious than when he tries to be funny. Hear him: "Questionable as the present methods of the Little Theaters may be, the idea itself is right." Then he names a "magnificent array of playwrights associated with the Little Theater movement," and concludes "It would seem that the golden age of the drama is breaking upon us, and we of the Little Theater are privileged to be taking part in it."

Which shows that there's only one Max, so let's be grateful and enjoy him to the top of his bent!

WILLIAM O. BATES.

Manitou, Colo., Aug. 9.

GOLDEN HILL

Aug. 26 - 17

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Under separate cover I'm sending you my "Challenge of a Billion Suns" for possible publication. Will you please give it consideration and inform me what rates you pay for articles such as this.

Sincerely

MAX PARRY

"Golden Hill"

Indianapolis -

Ind -

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945.

The above letter apparently was never mailed.

The envelope is addressed:

"Popular Astronomy"

Mr. Herbert Wilson

Northfield, Minn.

U. S. AVIATION SCHOOL
Ohio State University
Columbus

Sept. 17 - 17.

If Ad is home I wish he'd look up Prescott Bush of Columbus, Ohio, at the Fort- He'll be among the Ohio Division and probably a very desirable chap. His father, S. P. Bush, has been most amiable to me - had me play golf with him on Sunday at Scioto Country Club. If you ask any fellows in, include him - and fix him with Woodstock guest card - or have him for Sat. eve dance there-

Mr. Bush know dad. Thinks him great man, absolutely fearless.

Most of this is just like college again. Had our 3rd week tests Frid. and Sat. I passed in wireless sending (have to send 40 characters a minute) and in machine gun (getting 88) and in Military Science - All my five divisions of work have a G (good) for the week-

Some excitement Sat. night here. The Lieutenant caught some fellows running the guard - came in barracks and turned on electric lights and caught about 20 of 'em running the guard. We got a talking to at retreat tonight and these men were put under arrest - Actually they ought to be fired - but I don't think he'll do it -

Luckily I was with a chap who insisted on coming home on time (10 P.M.) and am not in it.

Did Carey ever get my letter asking for some stuff? Can you get it and send it to me in that old suit case in my room? I'll take care of the case- Also include a blanket.

I seem to be able to write an article a week- Major read first one and likes it very much -

Did my Star article come out in News week ago Sat?

Let me know about these things -

Tell Ad to answer -

MAX

(Although there is no salutation in this letter, the reference to his brother-in-law, Carey, indicates that the letter was addressed to his sister, Lydia - Mrs. William Carey Teasdale, Jr.)

OHIO UNION
Ohio State University
Columbus

Edward P. Drake
Manager

Thurs, after supper

Dear J:

Thanks so much for sending me that stuff-- your delicate hand seems to have done the addressing.

The fellows all wanted to know who the ohio dame is-- Thought I was going to flaunt my girl -- as they so often do.

You certainly ought to be around. The fellows get like kids after a balloon when a lady heaves in sight. And some wonderful boys. I've got photos of them for magazine stuff.

Felt bum for first time today. Shot (vaccination in arm) made head wobbly during 5 mile hike & drill but it's already passed.

Take up wireless operating. Great stuff for girl like tou to know and a cinch. Get practice buzzer sender which electric store will set up for you.

Knit me a dark brown sweater without sleeves if you start the needles ----

MAX

(Note: The above undated letter was addressed to Max's sister Jeannette, now Mrs. Emmert Daniel).

ROYAL FLYING CORPS
Camp Mohawk

Friday
Nov. 2.

Dear Folks -

I've done my "solo" - up all alone in pretty gusty cold wind - drove around the airdrome at about 800 ft. - and am back here safe - hungry for supper.

At lunch my flight officer came by and told me I was scheduled for "solo" at 1.30. Told me in a soft and sympathetic voice as a lawyer breaking the news of the sentence to his client. I didn't eat much desert because I've only had a couple of landings in the rear seat. After lunch he went around with me twice - and then jumped out - gave me a few instructions and stepped aside. I adjusted things - gulped - threw open the throttle and shot away for Haven. Once off the ground I didn't mind it a bit - even the bumps inthe air over the woods, but oh man!when I got around and started to land! But I shut her off, turned her nose down and ~~landed~~ headed for dear old terra cotta. I thought I was in for a perfect landing - but bang! I bounced up and up and up. So to avoid breaking things up I gave it the throttle and started off again. But it wouldn't start. it started straight up - then turned over this way and that. At last I got her going - then I realized that the throttle wasn't full on.

Well, I got home without any damage.

An old grizzled sergeant at the hangar says that he got so excited watching me that he dropped the tail of the machine he was carrying. Somebody yelled "There goes Parry!" and everybody was out to see the fireworks.

One of the boys went out for his solo about the same time - came down too hard - bounced clear over the hangar - just missed running down an officer - bounced again & went over the hospital - bounced again and landed in a big mud. He's about quite happy this evening. There are a bunch of machines damaged during the day - sometimes $20,000 worth goes up in smoke - but only a few scratches to the fellows.

I have ten hours to go alone now. 30 landings to make - about half a dozen easy tests for gunnery & observation to pass - Then I am through my preliminary training and go to finishing school - probably to Texas.

Say, just heard from Greg Kelley in Chicago -"Seventeen" a big hit. They are going to do my "Stingy" pantomime he says. Probably for Xmas-

I want to get hold of my <u>Military school play</u> - scenario and dialog notes - all in manilla paper holders - can you locate 'em - ask Lyd - Also want my <u>pen</u> -

(Unsigned)

ROYAL FLYING CORPS
Camp Mohawk

Wednesday
Nov. 7 - 17.

Dear mom & folks:

I've finished my "solo" work - have been up in the air all by myself a total of 7 hours and made 40 landings. Now I have a few tests to pass on Sichers machine-gun operation - have to shoot it on the rage - and I'm through. Hope to make it by tomorrow night - Will then ask for leave which I probably won't get- and will surely go to Texas (maybe a few days at Toronto) within next few days. Whole camp is going to move next Tuesday. Locate near Ft. Worth. We may be with them. Hope so. Never can tell in army just what is going to happen.

I wanted to write you day before yesterday - but rush of things kep me away from writing. I'm printing photos of interesting things about here and selling them at a furious rate - costs me about six or seven cents a print - sell 'em 2 for a quarter.

I wanted to write you of my first long fly alone & how wonderful it was. Stayed up for 90 minutes - beginning about 3.30 - all the time that the evening we coming on and the sun going down into the great lake. The air was simply perfect - almost no bumps ~~xxxxxx~~ - nothing to do but sit up there and look around - circled around a steamer and dove at it for few hundred feet - then wandered off after a train in the distance. Made nine landings - all of them like skimming the cream off the bowl.

Yesterday was blowy, cloudy and uncomfortable - hard work to keep the boat righted all the time and mean to land. Flew about an hour in all.

Then today about 3.30 I went out with an instructor, Lt. Smith, (awfully nice chap) and changed from wheel to stick drive (a stick, like base-ball bat sticks up between your knees). We went around twice. He drove once. Then we changed seats & I drove. He offered to go around again - but I told him I'd let him off. Went around beautifully alone & landed nicely.

Then I went around & around - landing from about 800 ft. for an hour. Flying was ideal - hardly a bump. Hated to stop when last glow of sunset was still warming everything. That kind of flying makes you feel like champagne. Some day I'll take you up and let you see.

So you see I'm all through my dangerous period - unbroken - and feeling great. I did have one bump - "crack" they call 'em here. Came down too steep second time & was up - and just happened to nose it down a little as wheels touched- Bing, went the radiator into the ground. Next minute it was standing on its nose and I slid out as ashamed as if I had fallen on a ballroom floor. Am sending broken propellor blade home as a war relic.

(From Camp Mohawk, Ont., Nov. 7, 1917)

Believe I can get Dave into R.F.C. if he can't get by U. S. exam. He'd take to this like a fish - and it has a great future.

Want Lyd to send "Dad" to Drama League prize play competition - also Hamilton play under separate author's name - say, John Maxwell. Get all your letters, Is & Ad & yours - congrat's to the girls -

Ask Lyd to see if "Dad" has scenario as required.

Ad: I left that affidavit at Col. with Lieut. to sign - will write -Sell out by all means. Am going take out insurance.

m Tell Dave to make it aviation. Send in another application for him. Try R.F.C.

(Unsigned)

Sunday.
Dec. 22 - 17.

Alas - I see now I shan't make it for Xmas. I'm not so awful far from it though - only about a week. Most things in the army have an agonizing way of not going like you think they should. So I don't know what they will let us do. The weather has been bad, cold and foggy - delaying flying. We expect to be ready for commission by the end of next week and maybe ---- but you and I'll just have to wait

I've had some excitement and satisfaction getting this month's pay for our bunch fourteen from Benbrook. There was a slip somewhere - no payroll made out and a few other tangles, - so they told us we wouldn't be paid this month. Imagine! At the same time our mess was reduced to U. S. rations - The old hunger period coming back - and fellows forced to sleep in hangars. So I got busy. Got officers on the phone - Wrote out list of men to be paid - kept after the sidestepping officials - refused to be put off with red tape.

We'll be paid tomorrow. I'm a hero in the eyes of my mob. We call 'em Coxie's Army because we're always threatening to march on Washington and get our deserts.

What they call the ground work of my aerial gunnery course is done - Shooting on ranges with machine guns, a good deal like booths at a County Fair. Lots of fun shooting at all kinds of targets all kinds of ways.

This coming week we go up in the air again - shooting from machines. We're really getting to know the guns - Can you see me driving and shooting and stunting and a few other things at the same time?

Well, I'll toast you all in reboiled tea on Xmas eve and wash down our beans and bacon.

It's a great life if you don't weaken - and the nearer I am finished the harder it is to hold my breath.

Got Helen Longis lovely knitted helmet - it's mt third but keep it dark. (I wear a leather one anyway.)

Warren notifies me he's sending Sat. Eve. Post for the year. Pretty good sport, isn't he?

Weather lovely again. just like spring -

Love from

MAX

School of Aerial Gunnery
Camp Hicks
Ft. Worth - Tex.

Dec. 30 - 17

Dear Mom & folks:

On Xmas eve - about seven o'clock - some of the fellows told me that there was mail and some packages for me, so I trotted over to the hangar where the fellows have been sleeping and dove into the mob around the mail table. I drew a bunch of letters, Xmas greetings, letter & cheque from Walker who says "Stingy" goes better than ever (he's added a prologue which Kelley gives). But the big excitement was in the boxes - a box of wonderful stuffed dates and a box of Betsey ('nuff said!). Then the God-help-the-soldiers Committee from North Indpls sent a box with a baby pillow, wash rag, towels, & socks.

The corp. with whom I still room very comfortably (altho' I'm not allowed to be here) got packages too and we pooled eatables. We'll be swamped for a week or so with good things.

Then Xmas night I ran away to town with an R.F.C. aviator and called on some girls who treated us beautifully - fed us, made punch, danced and played around - we sneaked in again about midnight and counted the day highly successful.

The fellows have been changed from the hangars to tents up at the other end of the field - but I still stick with the corp. indoors, with desk to write, running water in room. It's so good that I expect an officer to kick me out any minute - although if I do say it, I'm getting good at the art of buggering off. I have to be or get stung right and left.

No other boxes have come. If you send the "Titan" I sure want it.

Sudden cold weather keeps us from flying so I won't be through for another week or so.

Bates just sent clipping of myself which he put in "Star" - bum picture all right.

Willwrite Dave.

Tell Jeannette to look into the stock company chain that is going to be attached to the different camps - probably one to be at Ft. Harrison - Whoever is in charge of amusements there can tell you.

Am sketching away on scenario of military school play.

Love and awful many thanks

for those marvelous eats -

Yours

MAX

U. S. Cadet M-- P--
S. of A. G.
Camp Hicks -
Ft. Worth -
Tex.

Squadron 81

ROYAL FLYING CORPS

Camp Borden

Ont.

Sunday [Prob.Nov.or Dec.1917]

I went to the officer at Deseronto on Friday - ready to pour out a dramatic appeal for leave but he cut me short with, "No leaves - we go to Texas first of week." So they posted us through Toronto (where we stayed Friday night) and then a four hours grip north to Camp Borden, an immense flying field - as desolate as the end of the world. It's over-crowded, since everyone is waiting to go south - and we sleep on the floors - or porch - or wherever we can - As a consequence the Americans, about 30 or 40 of us - are sore on the place. Nothing is as good as at Deseronto - none of the comforts - food poorer - discipline darned strict - almost no flying, machines old - field bumpy - We just hang around kinda homesick - waiting for the trip to free us. We're going to ask to be transferred to U. S. squadron.

These R.F.C.s go to Camp Hicks - near Ft. Worth, Texas. Leave Wednesday morning. Meanwhile big packing up - and we can only sit and grin. Maybe I can get off on way down - Can't ever tell what's coming to you away up here.

It's four o'clock. I'm writing this on my lap, back to the stove in the hangar - roar of machines outside. Since one o'clock we've been on parade answering to our names & getting numbers - English call it muster and it's some waiting stunt - They've sent us down here to the hangars without overcoats - and it's cold as the dickens. We all sit around the stove and gloom and curse the whole camp to blazes.

Be sure to send in a copy of "Dad" for the Drama League prize - Jeannette & Lyd will recognize new edition which needs one-page scenario in front. One is there, I think. Also check for $1 goes along.

Am going take out $5000 soldier policy for you. I pay about $3.50 a month. If I'm disabled it pays a monthly dividend - $15 or $20 - Don't think the war is going to be any short party - It's an immense business now - and you ought to get into it somewhere. Girls can take up wireless. Add & Carey ought to get into it. It'll last for years - Maybe four or five years - probably longer.

Here's $20 against what I owe generally.

You can write here - to be forwarded - or to Ft. Worth, Texas. (R.F.C. - Squadron 81).

Got your mail at Deseronto - yours & Jeannette's joint letter - also knitted gloves - etc -

Yours MAX

[Written evidently to his mother]

147th Aero Squadron

Camp Taliaferro
Field No.1, Hicks
Fort Worth
Texas

Sunday. (Probably Jan. 1918)

Dear Mom:

Without doubt we have the blamedest weather down here that the world has ever seen. We've had some of the awful blizzard stuff you folks get - then it thawed and warmed up and yesterday was the most lovely day you can imagine. Just like it ought to be all along, regular palm tree weather. We went around in shirt sleeves and flew without coats or helmets.

BUT at supper time last night the wind shifted to the North and by dark (it doesn't get dark until nearly seven) it was blowing cold. This morning the gale was on - blowing icy mists in on us. I almost froze. Maybe tomorrow it will shift to the South and the bugs will come to life again in the balmy breeze.

I can see by the pictures in the News what you have had. I'd rather come home when things are warmer.

I went up Saturday for some practice work. Did landings at different ways - preparing for the day that my motor stops in midair with no flying field to land in.

Our squadron is taking form under Maj. Bonnell who has been over with the R.F.C. As soon as we are done with the thirty or more cadets we're instructing we'll do a lot of flying under his direction. He's an excellent flier - a good stunter. I'm anxious to get the benefit of his experience.

They say we'll probably go across in February some time. Maybe March. And after a couple of months of active service we'll come home to take charge of new squadrons. We are among the first squadrons to go over, you know.

I've just finished a story about aviation and its comic side which I call "Zoom" - will let you read it soon as published.

Have bought me a nice warm, fur-collared coat and an electric stove. The stove is a life-saver.

Still sleep between the blankets you sent. Some day I'm going to air them.

Enjoyed your letter about Xmas at home -

Yours MAX

Our commissions not in yet - but due any day.

Saturday, January 12, 1918:

Under this date Max Parry published an article in The Indianapolis News on the stiff medical examination which candidates for the air service were required to take.

Saturday, Janyart 26, 1918:

Under this date Max Parry published an article in The Indianapolis News headlined: "Up and Down America They are Preparing --- Those Fighting Flyers in Liberty's War." His opening paragraph explained the reason why so many men --- including himself --- took up aerial warfare. "It's because aviation offers the best sporting proposition of the world war that the livest young men of the country are trying to get into it," he wrote. "It makes exacting demands. It meets you with one of the stiffest, most minute physical tests ever invented, turning you wrong side out and back again under the merciless scrutiny of specialists and their unfailing instruments. It requires you to study for months as if you were cramming for a college examination. It expects you to whiz into the heavens whenever called and to meet the most terrific situations without a flicker. But it gives you everything in return."

Aviation, he continued, "may be the deciding factor in the conflict of the entente allies with Germany and her supporters. It's the only way the deadlock can be broken, some experts believe." After Uncle Sam has freed Europe, he said, "aviation will be the biggest thing in America. What a privilege to be associated with this new wonder of the world!"

Many of his predictions concerning the future of aviation have since come to pass. "No doubt we shall desire to keep the supremacy of the air," he wrote. "There will be aerial postal service. . . We shall want an aerial coastal defense acting as life guards. There will be a call for speedy transportation, for machines to inspect immense tracts of land, for locating forest fires, for rounding up cattle, and exploring, for emergencies of all sorts. No one can say what startling things may happen. It's as if the magic carpet had really come to life."

147th Aero Squadron

Thursday
Feb.7 - 18

Dearest Mom:-

This may interest you. She's the lady who sent pillow and stuff in Xmas box - Probably nice old lady who believes the newspapers. I also got a little note from a girl in this village - enclosing stunning photo - suggesting the start of a pleasant correspondence. There's many a nice advantage about being an aviator. So I sent her a note back and enclosed photo af a handsome R.F.C. lieutenant I happened to have - tall, debonair, small black ~~mustash~~ moustache. Wait till she sees me!

If you can, do send me clipping of my "Buck" article. Never seen it yet.- and cut out several of any other things of mine that may appear.

My commission is due any minute. I feel confident it will be here before you get this BUT - army jobs are not filled with the same pep and efficiency as in real life. The maddening indifference of everybody up to everybody down is the trouble. We see things done so sloppily, so crudely, so indifferently - drives us to strong drink. No wonder Congress got after them.

As for the war - It's going to be our business for a long time. Several years, at least - ~~money~~ Everyone ought to get into it - money is like water - jobs come easy and stay long - It's the only place where you don't have to save anything - We ignore Hoover and the coal man. It's great sport for those who are the big guns.

I think U. S. is planning for three to five years more of it.

Mom, thanks for sweater - but hold it for the needy. I have a couple now - and don't wear 'em anyway.

Weather here peculiar in the extreme - awful cold first of week - now regular Palm Beach stuff - went up today without coat or helmet. Quite lovely. Also climbed up this afternoon to 9000 ft.- cold there - far above clouds - but calm and majestic - world far below.

(Unsigned)

February 9, 1918:

Under this date Max Parry published in The Indianapolis News a story entitled "Zoom," which dealt with the experiences of a new cadet in the Royal Flying Corps in Canada. He was a typical country yokel who greeted the Sergeant-Major with "H' ye!" "as neighbors do over the pasture fence in springtime." He persistently did everything backward, never marched in step, nearly killed his flying instructor when his hands froze at the controls, and so on. The day that the new recruit took his "solo" flight was a memorable one in the history of the camp. He nearly ran down his watching comrades, barely missed the hangar windows, zoomed straight up into the air at tremendous speed (a circumstance from which he derived his nickname, "Zoom"), shot straight down again, scraped the trees, nearly charged head-on into the telegraph poles, lost the undercarriage of his plane --- and, when he discovered that fact, nearly turned over the plane leaning out over the side of the fusilage to look at the place where it had been --- and finally pancaked to safety. He received warm congratulations on his flying skill from the watching colonel and the latter's lovely daughter, who, indeed, took such an interest in the gawky lad that his fellow-cadets had difficulty concealing their jealousy from him. When finally some one asked him how he had managed to make "that swell landing," he explained modestly: "Fellers, nobody was more surprised than me. I thought it was good night for this child. So I jes' shut my eyes an' let the darned bus go where she wanted to. I didn't have anything to do with it. That was God and old man Gravity that made that landin'."

147th Aero Squadron

Camp Taliaferro
Field No. 1, Hicks
Fort Worth
Texas

Feb. 12 - 1918.

Dear Mom -

I write you first of all -- staying in barracks while the other fellows have beat it off to town for celebration (I was in town last night, -- haircut, bath at Y.M.C.A., dinner & vaudeville -- and am sleepy tonight.)

IT'S HERE. When my wife, the Sergeant of Headquarters woke up this morning he told me it came in last night. So I went in to the Adjutants' office at Headquarters after lunch, signed a dozen papers, gave them statistics about my birth & death, etc -- took the oath and was given my commission.

Went right back to barracks -- put on my bars and wings and officer's costume and lived the life of a prince for the rest of the afternoon. For as soon as you're an officer you leap from slavery to luxurious freedom. I ordered the aide-car, -- turned in my cadet stuff, -- having a batman (helper) to carry stuff -- rode back -- being saluted and immediately obeyed everywhere. It's one grand relief. Now you do the commanding. There are autos at your disposal -- messengers, workmen, clerks -- good food and quarters -- Compared to the dismal life of the cadet I feel as if the gates of heaven were swinging wide for me.

Met Lieut. in headquarters who comes from Dave's Squadron. Was too busy to talk much. Says Dave has good job and is getting along fine. Am going (to) talk more when things are relieved and we have time.

Went up twice today -- Once at 10 A.M. fooled around in strong wind for about an hour. Then late this evening -- about 5^{30} went up in formation with six other machines. Flew till 6^{15} -- almost night when we came down.

Send me "News" articles -- especially one about "Buck" --

Got nice letter from Mrs. J. B. McCoy, 974 West Olive-Woodruff signed "Women of First Bapt. Church"

From Lt. MAX PARRY

Max's
(The following letter, written soon after/his arrival in France, is incomplete)
/Probably Feb. or Mar. 1918/

Coming to France we got stuck in the fog and had to loaf out for an extra day & night. This was exceedingly uncomfortable for the men, since the steamer was only a cattle boat and there was no place to sleep. During the day a bunch of us lowered a couple of life boats and rowed around the bay and under direction of the boat's pilot, up a winding creek about a mile to an old mill and miniature harbor. We landed like pirates - singing and joshing. The whole row was swashbuckling and great sport. An officer patrolling in a hydroplane came down alongside in the bay and talked to us for awhile - we in lifeboat holding to his wing.

We landed in France with songs ringing loud. Inspiring sight. People on boats and wharfs - cheering and waving and blowing whistles. Long march to camp. Next day off for long train ride to our present location. So that some fellows didn' get to take off their clothes for nearly a week and sleep was hardly known.

Comfort has been mixed with discomfort. I don't see how the privates stand it the way they do, for they are extremely jammed in and sometimes go without food for long stretches. Officers can get about more or less and buy things. They travel first class - only 5 in a compartment, while privates pack in 8 thick with all their kits - in third class.

Now we're here in famous old French city - getting nearer front all the time. We need some extra flying on war planes first - and may get it here. Hope so, for it's most attractive location.

Discovered fellows in flying school who were graduating from ground school at Columbus when I was entering. They have not even soloed (flown alone) yet. I'm ahead of them by months.

Feeling fine and fat. Candy is rather scarce -

Got first mail today since N.Y. - two letters from N.Y. - None from home yet -

MAX

147th Aero Squadron
Amer. Expedit. Force
Via N.Y. and Paris

April 1 - [1918]

Dear Mom:

We've taken another excursion in order to get the machines we're looking for and while the trip and our location are somewhat uncomfortable we look on it as only temporary and that we'll soon be back at the delightful place we left.

I'm enclosing a copy of the insurance application I made out for you - Keep it carefully - It makes a total of $10,000 in your favor. I pay the premiums month by month. The paper explains things.

There's such a different feeling over here. While we are having wonderful opportunities to see things and learn to speak - and while there is lots of fun included in our life - yet we can't help but feel the nearness of things. You know what a difference a funeral is when you get inside the house. We're right in the midst of troop trains, wounded soldiers all decorated with medals hobbling about the streets (hospitals everywhere nowadays), busy war workers of every sort, Y.M.C.A. doing fine work, opening hotels and providing food at big centers, - Red Cross doing excellent work too. Everything desirable to eat and wear goes to the army. If you are out of the war you get only the leavings. No hotels or cabs or taxis - Women taking men's jobs - women running street cars, stores, factories, often wearing men's clothes - looks funny and they smile knowingly.

Saw Major Brown who is in pink of condition with the countless friends he always collects. Had dandy walk around old part of town with him taking supper at his pension. Here were refugees just in from the line - in fact the town is loaded with refugees. The hardest part of it is that they went back and built up their places and now they're kicked out again.

Hear about the shell from long-distance German gun hitting church at Paris & killing congregation at Easter services? Some egg, wasn't it?

We don't worry about the big drive of the Huns. Many French believe that it's the last big kick.

Others say that as for the length of the war, the first ten years will be the hardest.

Do the girls feel like doing war work? Have them inquire about Red Cross Rest Camp work here in Europe. Bunch of dandy girls here in camp have best building on field with restaurant at one end and reading room at other - Very popular - food good & nicely served - chocolate in bowls a la Francais. Girl wear Red Cross uniforms - greyish blue with lovely head-dress fluttering are Rest camp work includes way-stations for passing troop trains, etc. Interes and fun. Telephone girls, typists and all kinds of professional ladies no appearing.

Feel bully - food good - weather lovely (unless it rains) -
No letters from you yet -

Yours MAX

April 8 - [1918]

Dear Lyd:

We have a habit, in our squadron of drawing the most ghastly weather whenever we change homes. We've moved to a new flying field - the last of the preparatory ones - arriving late at night in the rain - slushing around like cast-offs - finally sleeping in the wards of the hospital. I drew a cough ward in which they received us with a salvo of lung-busters and kept it going all night while I slept on a hard cot - clothes on - shivering.

Other fellows passed the evening in mumps ward and spinal meningitis wards - being awakened by solicitous nurses.

Then we slushed around the field all day trying to get located - feeling as well as poor relations come to town.

I've had ~~xxxx~~ every kind of travel - from princely comfort to beastly discomfort - such as cattle steamer for two days and nights and long rides on trains. But we manage to get through all right. It's the privates who suffer. That's why Dave ought to go in only as a flying officer. He can be one easy - If he'll get in ground school.

So far as we're concerned we've had a peach of a time trapesing around the world - often feeling more like tourists than warriors - but now we are where we begin to taste the real thing -

Think of me as being exceptionally well and able to get along all right - Things are looking exceptionally in our favor as a squadron right now - Will tell you about it as soon as possible.

Look up the Red Cross Canteen Service. Bunch of Girls here have best place around field to eat - long hall - with rest room (all for officers only). They tell me Red Cross has stations around France like this. Darned interesting. Look it up.

You have a couple of books that someone gave you as a Xmas present (or wedding present) - which I'm going to go over when I get back - Comprenez?

My French ~~xxxxx~~ is 2nd best in Squadron. I've been trying to get back into it - especially the verbs and funny little ways French have of asking questions.

Spring is over the land. It makes these ancient towns with their spottled houses look like an artist were making delightful scenery.

Love from
MAX.

Lt. M.O.Parry
147 Aero Sqdn.
Amer. Exped. Force -
Via Paris

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
with the
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

April 24 - 1918

Dear one and all:

I've been over here some four weeks now and I don't think I've heard from home yet - That is, from any of the family. They say one ship with our letters just went down - so you may have to duplicate anything you wrote about April 1st -

We were all loaded and primed to go to the front - I had orders and transportation in my pocket to bring a bunch of trucks and motor cycles and cars from a certain town - through Paris and to the front - a tour of some few hundred miles through France. But that same night the phone rang and the trip was postponed. I was sent from the big French city where we were staying out to this mud-hole of a flying camp to take more training. They claimed we couldn't fly our new busses without more preliminary air work. And maybe they're right because our flying will be the most difficult there is. The buses we're going to have on the front will be wonders. We're all looking forward to the grand day and we are working hard to be the first there.

Don't know how it is in the other branches of the army over here - but our end of it is at it YET - we all feel pretty low over the tragic inability of U.S. to get started. There's something awfully rotten somewhere.

Lost track of Mr. Brown. He's moved to some other town.

Keep meeting fellows from college, prep school, etc. - sometimes almost forget I'm in France.

And my French keeps surging back with a little application and a pocket aid. The fellows use me as interpreter and because of my lingo the Major was going to let me take the motor caravan across France. Occasionally I get tripped up badly in the middle of a swell explanation and have to get out my dictionary and try again - but on the whole I can get by now without great trouble.

The weather is awful for flying - almost constantly foggy - and often drizzling. Very very seldom see sun -

We live here in rather punk barracks, double-tiers of bunks - really meant for enlisted men.

As usual there are more officers than room - so we have to live where we can get in - Food is good & plentiful - I eat at Red Cross Canteen - sort of officer's club - very nice and well run by group of young ladies - some of them just out of college. The fiance of one of 'em was killed couple days ago in trenches. She never saw him in France.

We all look to day when we'll have our own airdrome and manage our own affairs.

This is a low, gloomy day - can't you tell it from my letter?

Yours
MAX

Lt.M.O.Parry

ON ACTIVE SERVICE
with the
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

May 16 - 1918.

Dear one and all:

We're here. Happened all of a sudden. One of the fellows breezed into barracks where I was yawning my third morning nap out in a bunk at an instruction field in the south of France. He announced we were to go in an hour. I threw my things at a trunk and kit bag and in a little while we were all rolling along toward Paris, singing, joshing and planning. That night we pulled into the wondrous city and for a couple of days had the time of our lives. It is as marvelous as ever. I shopped and shopped, even buying a uniform (325 francs), flying equipment, and the little things of life that I lost when my suitcase went astray with some other baggage. Guess I'll get it back some day. It unfortunately contained Mrs. Laflin's letters of introduction so I couldn't look up the folks she wanted me to. She has a musette (soldier's package) in Paris for me. I may get back in a few weeks.

Well, I wrote you from Paris. (I wrote several letters on boat coming over, and about ten since I've been here). Yours came to me here at the front, two from you written April 16 and 22nd. The first I've gotten from you over here. Also one from Add dated April 16th. Can't understand your confusion about my address since it is always on my envelope and at the bottom of my letters.

Well, too tell you about my present home. We left Paris for a long train ride, sitting up all night in those compartments (officers always travel 1st class) - with all kinds of officers on the train. Sometimes it looks like a masquerade party, there are so many different uniforms and nationalities. They all seem to like the Americans. We have cigarettes and the French are very much out of them - so they always treat us fine after we have passed around the box.

I slept pretty well, waking every few hours with paralyzed legs and broken back or neck - Nothing found us in a beautiful country, hilly and fresh with spring. We were taken up a long drive to our present airdrome - which sits up among the hills like Hotchkiss does in the Berkshires. It is more like a summer outing.

That night we stood out on the airdrome and listened to dull "kee-thump's" of the big guns lighting up the horizon with heat-lightning effects. It seemed ~~maikkxxxgrimxxx~~ rather grim and menacing then, and I caught a cold, standing in the wet grass, with only pajamas on. But when morning came, soft and fresh, with marvelous scenery everywhere, the booming seemed more like a celebration.

While I was over to breakfast I heard a couple of machines, very high, then a popping of machine guns. It was Eddie Rickenbacker chasing a Hun scout-machine back. They disappeared toward the front, still banging aw They say that German machines have been photographing us every day. We'll be ready for them soon. Meanwhile we have our gas-masks handy by our bunks for the first night raid.

(From France - May 16, 1918)

The idea of being up here is to fit ourselves completely for service. Each day ~~things~~ brings us nearer the final equipment and fighting. Meanwhile we fly when we will, and do about as we want, for it is our airdrome (along with one other squadron). I'm rooming in the quarters just vacated by Maj. Raoul Lufberry (called the "American Ace").

The life is like a summer camp somewhere in Brown County, only prettier. I live in a small wooden barracks with a dozen officers, just on the edge of the woods. (Our whole airdrome is cleverely camouflaged.) Sleep on board bed, rather hard. About 7.30 of a morning my orderly (there is one for every four officers) comes in with my shoes shined and water for washing, ready to do anything required. We walk through the woods a hundred yards or so to mess. Then, if the day is fair we go out on the airdrome and fly,- or if bad weather, work around the machines, fitting guns, and the countless things mechanical necessary to good flying. You can do a lot or nothing as you desire. I usually fly half an hour or so in the morning and again in the afternoon, or evening, - evening is lovely, so still and comfortable. Morning after I got here I took my joy-ride in the new machines, very powerful, very speedy and differently controlled. It was bully. You have to land going about 50 to 60 miles an hour. If your wheels touch the ground too soon you are liable to find yourself scattered all over the machines. So, believe me, I land as if I were handling something awfully delicate. Major happened to see my second landing. Told other officers it was perfect. (It was more luck than anything.) That afternoon I tried spins - climbing to 3000 ft. shut off and dived down, spinning around on the way. Then last evening I did my first "renversement", you point up your nose, turn over on your back and go the opposite direction known as the "Immelman Turn" - wonderful sensation.

We can go to the range and shoot pistols or ~~Rifl~~ rifles or fool around as we please - depends whether you are in command anywhere.

After lunch we have meetings, or flying, or sometimes go to town, some 25 miles away, by motor - to get sweets, bathsm or needed things. Lovely trip along hillsides and vallies.

We clean up for supper - afterward we stroll around awhile, write, read, gossip, or fly - and to bed about ten.

Sometimes the Major takes a bunch out riding in his twin-six Packard - or we can have a motor-cycle or side-car.

Tonight we are to have a barbecue - roasted pigs, drinks donated by some officer who is guest, music coming - we've invited the neighboring squadron. Men only but it'll be fun.

This afternoon (Saturday) our officers play baseball against the officers of the invited squadron. We have some darned good players.

Now there are more dismal happenings, of course. One of our fellows has already been brought down. But on the whole it's a lot of fun.

Tell Dave to get in Aviation Ground School. Fill out whatever they want. He'll make a dandy flyer.

Add mustn't get discouraged about commission. It'll come. Get Dr.'s certificate that his eyesight~~wil~~ will be useful.

(From France, May 18, 1918)

Mighty interested to hear about Carey & wheat. At any rate he's doing his bit.

Miss Laflin sent me news clipping about Is playing at benefit concert. She is good enough to do anything she wants to now. Make her play in public at every chance.

How are Ruth and Jenny and Lyd's kids? I'll write the girls a French letter. All the dames say, "Vous parlez tres bien, M'sieur, - et tres vite aussi." I even got some slang up my sleeve.

It'll be a few months more, - a few mad dashes at the gosh-dinged Huns and I'll get a furlough, - maybe come home to organize my own squadron. If I do get done in it's an enviable way. There's something about the terrific roar and clatter and dash that seems to keep you from caring much.

Suppose some day I should happen to see the Kaiser's machine going along, shoot his chauffeur and guard and capture him for you - what then?

As it is I see a couple of years more of war - Unless the U.S. gets busy and busts into it - maybe more.

Wish you were over here in a cottage nearby. You'd love the country and the delightful views everywhere - Though of course you wouldn't let me sleep on wet boards.

Your mail will always come all right if you address it as I have it at the bottom of the letter here. Put down my squadron and Amer. Exped. Force - That's all. We have our own army P.O.'s and they forward mail right away to our proper location.

Lots of mail coming in now - been accumulating here at the front - I haven't had any for weeks and weeks.

Love to everybody. Be sure to get my photos of the different stops if I don't bring 'em - They tell the story -

MAX

Address at all times always good.

Lt. Maxwell O. Parry
147 Aero Squadron
Amer. Exped. Force
France

(Note: The original of the foregoing letter was 11 pages long).

"WITH THE COLORS"

YMCA

May 24 - 1918.

Lo', Members of the Golden Hill Harem;

More letters keep coming in, as if in reward for being here at the front. Today they came from Jeannette and Is, - both intensely interesting because so full of local dope - and I've just had two from Ma - and one from Ad. Those from the girls were shipped on April 30 and May 4 - Not so long ago, you see. Also letter from Dr. Taylor - and one from Hazel West.

We have occasional letter orgies- Everybody gets a wad, sometimes half a dozen from the same palpitating lady. We all sit around like dogs with their favorite bones and grunt, groan and gulp, insisting on interrupting each other with striking passages, - no one ever listening or at all appreciative. I thought it was great about mom being dragged out on the stage at the girls' concert - Three sons in service, three girls on the waiting list. (You must give Dave's friends a party. And get Dave into aviation ground school. Make out application carefully, a new one. Make it strong. He'll enjoy it immensely.)

Well, the point is, that I tried to break in on three fellows reading their mail to tell 'em about mom- I told 'em but not a one listened. They were insisting on reading swell passages to the general assemblage - from their own letters.

Also got a "Sat. Eve. Post" (for March) first since December.

Several ships must have gone down. By the way, I know the sister-ship which came across with us has since been sunk. (The "Cedric")

I've struck all kinds of fellows here who have been on the "Tuscania" when she got her present. The trouble was that the ships crew didn't man the boats. They beat it on a separate boat and let the soldiers shift for themselves. The consequent bungling with life-boats cost many lives.

Now, you all wonder how I'm coming along day by day and I'll give you an outline of today's life, just to let you in on war's horrors.

(By the way, Hun planes have come over us nearly every day, and lately we've been up with the dawn, patrolling at high altitudes to catch a few. Nothing doing. Several warnings of raids have been phoned in. None as yet.)

Well, to start with yesterday for extra measure. No flying, pending an inspection of certain mechanical arrangements of our buses by chiefs from Paris. I have been lately appointed in charge of photographic equipment of squadrons Got regular photo gallery full of stuff from neighboring supply depot other day. Went over in truck about 25 miles (day before yesterday). So yesterday morning I began taking pictures for our records, also setting up dark room in officer's barracks. Then after lunch we developed, and about two, I left the work in charg of my two men and went on a hike over hill and dale with a brother officer. The country is simply beautiful. Like Brown County at its best. Toward sunset we

ambled into a town about two miles away. Climbed up to ruins of chateau. Shopped a little. Stopped in cafe during heavy shower and were joined by an erratic, very temperamental and pickled captain (who drove up in auto) He was Otto Cushing, the artist who does so much Greek stuff for "Life" He is ~~dex~~ doing camouflage work and is wandering beatifically over the land, half lost and probably quite unclaimed.

Evening found us eating the 5 franc table d'hote with red wine, in the main hotel. But the long walk back didn't seem as attractive and just as we were taking counsel up breezed our squadron touring car (we have a Fiat and a Packard twin-six.) We hailed it. The fellows inside ate supper with us and we all rode back together.

This morning I went on as Officer of the Day, a sort of overseer job that comes to each officer in turn. I had to inspect barracks, and mess, and men, and report, put on details of men for odd work, censor mail (the men write funny, clumsy, halting letters, often awfully slushy to their girls, telling their feverish thoughts in bad grammar and worse spelling). I'm also manager of our ball team which plays neighboring organizations - and am arranging practice games and Sunday games, necessitating phone calls and conferences.

Then this afternoon took more pictures, mostly of fellows in machines.

Played some ball at four.

Inspected retreat formation at 5^{00}.

Tasted men's mess at 5^{30} - Very good. They had beef stew, bread pudding, coffee, bread.

After supper developed photos.

Now I'm ALONE at 10^{30} P.M. in the squadron office - where I sleep tonight awaiting an early call. Sleeping on boards is hardly my hobby. It keeps me rolling for a comfortable attitude. I've had some burlap stretched across my own bunk. It's fine in comparison.

I think the big thing with us now is the fact that we're up near the front - and getting nearer. We can hear the guns growling, see lights at night and catch Boche planes sneaking over our airdrome.

Occasionally some of our nearby friends drop in. A big bomber of the Royal Flying Corps stopped off yesterday morning on the way back from a long daylight raid. They go at it each day, a whole dozen or so. They can see the Huns leaving their airdromes to get ready for their return, and there is always a lively scrap on the way back.

Half dozen of their men have been wounded within the week. One observer was shot (there is a pilot and an observer) and fell against the controls, forcing the plane to dive down into a woods. Pilot only hurt a bit.

That morning they had to watch one of their machines slowly sink down about 50 miles back of German lines. Engine damaged, probably. And day before another machine fell in flames. That was rotten to watch.

(From France, May 24, 1918)

When you read about our bombing in Germany, you are reading about this R.F.C. squadron.

I'm living in room occupied by Lufberry when he was here. Other day he got in bad in scrap. Machine caught fire and he jumped out, about 3000 ft. high, - some day he fell, others that he was trying to make stretch of water below.

Since writing last I've had some lively flying. (No scrapping, since we're just getting equiped here). Have tried different stunts in fastest and most powerful machine in world. The renversement has been my bete noire - Known as Immelman turn- you flop over and go other direction. Sometimes I flop into a spinning nose dive- I try to straighten out and she only seems to spin down that much faster. Then I sit tight and say, "Steady, boy!" and look down to make sure everything is in neutral - Meanwhile the ground is whirling up at a deadly rate.

Then she pulls out, leaving you a bit breatjless, but cocky, and you climb up to try it again. Some life! Got Coney Island skinned a mile.

Believe me, this hanging by your belt a few thousand feet up, takes a little nerve the first time or so. We travel along about 150 miles an hour at full speed - and land going about 50 miles. The landing part is no joke.

I had my eyes thoroughly tested at Paris and have now the strongest vision in the squadron. Can you guess how?

Lots of things I'll have to save to tell you when I get home - If I do - But don't worry. I don't. it's like a summer excursion.

Lots of love -

Thanks for the mail -

Yours

MAX

Lt. M.O.Parry
147 Aero Sqdn.
Amer. E. F.

From THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, July 4, 1918: (Thursday)

MAXWELL PARRY
FELLS HUN FLIER
IN AERIAL FIGHT

Indianapolis Aviator One
of the Four Victorious
American Pilots.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, July 3 -- (By the Associated Press).-- During the aerial fighting today four more enemy machines were brought down. Victories are claimed for Lieut. J. H. Stephens, New York; A. L. Porter, Dowaglac, Mich.; Ralph O'Neill, Denver, and Maxwell Parry, Indianapolis.

All told on Tuesday and Wednesday the patrols from American pursuit squadrons in this sector engaged in about twenty combats, bring down seven enemy planes. Two American aviators were lost and one was seriously wounded. Among the airmen engaged in the fighting today was Quentin Roosevelt, youngest son of Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

All the American air victories were achieved in a battle royal high in the skies over Chateau-Thierry, when an American patrol met what is believed to have been one of the famous German flying circuses. The "dog fight," as the American fliers terms such an engagement lasted half an hour, the Germans beating a retreat when it became apparent that they were getting much the worst of the engagement.

All the American machines returned safely from the encounter, some of them with several bullet holes in them.

"I am very glad he could do something for his country," was the comment last night of Mrs. D. M. Parry of Golden Hill, when informed over the telephone that her aviator son, Maxwell Parry, had brought down his first German plane.

"Maxwell was in school for five years in Strassburg, over which he has been flying," said Mrs. Parry, "and he knows that part of the country exceptionally well. He is ambitious to get the Kaiser himself and he will know him if he ever sees him, for the German royal family spent part of each year in Strassburg and Maxwell saw them frequently."

Maxwell Parry is one of three sons of Mrs. Parry who are in national service. A brother, David, is at Garden City, L.I., where he is top sergeant in his aviation squadron and expects to be sent overseas at any time. The other brother, Addison Parry, is in the quartermasters department in Washington, D.C., and hopes to obtain a commission.

The older son mentioned in dispatches published today enlisted in the aviation service in August of last year. He underwent training at McCook Field, near Dayton, O., and sailed for France in February of this year with the first detachment of airmen sent abroad.

Maxwell Parry was educated in Germany and subsequently received degrees from Yale and Harvard. In the latter university he specialized in dramatic art and subsequent to graduation was with the Stuart Walker Players and with the Washington Square Players in New York. He has achieved a reputation as a writer and has been a frequent contributor to The Star. He is unmarried.

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS
Aviation Section

July 13, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Parry:

As a roommate and a very close friend of Max, I feel it my duty to notify you of his probable misfortune.

While on patrol July 8, with his companions of the 147th, a number of Huns were seen. Max was some distance on the right of the formation and on seeing the enemy, evidently intended to climb in the sun and later dive on his nearest victim. The Huns, as per custom, beat a hasty retreat and our formation gave chase some 20 Kilos. in Germany. Max was at that time maneuvering for position. We were low in gas, so gave up the chase and turned toward home. Our party broke up, so not much thought of each others whereabouts was given by the fellows. All of our bunch reached home except Max. We weren't alarmed for a few days as it very often happens that one has a forced landing and is unable to get in touch with the Squadron, due mostly to the inefficient French telephone & telegraph systems.

Max has not been heard from for five days, so it now has us very much upset. We are hoping and praying that good fortune has befallen him and that he will unexpectedly drop in on us. I have the greatest of confidence in him and will not give up until I get some direct word of him. I also ask you as his Mother to not give up and do not worry for I have a strong feeling that he is O.K. At the first notice of his where abouts I will cable you.

Max is really loved by all of the fellows and the men and other Squadrons hold the highest regards & respect toward him. He has always been very cheerful and full of fun. He has been doing some fine work for us as our Squadron Photographer and as an all around organizer of amusement, etc. He has proven himself a wonderful and daring flying at every moment and his latest success in bringing down a Hun more than demonstrates this.

I am in charge of his belongings and will hold them until we get final word of him. His papers, camera, and property that I deem very valuable, I will hold and later will send you if it becomes necessary. We are supposed to send his property to an "Effects Depot," but I don't consider that wise for it may and it may not ever reach you.

Later, if it becomes necessary, I will give you an invoice and a report of his monies, etc. I have a good idea already, but don't consider it the proper time to make any statements.

Trusting that you receive this at the earliest opportune moment and that Max is somewhere safe, I beg to remain

Yours very sincerely,
Lt. W. E. BROTHERTON.

(Note: Lt. Brotherton was killed in action a short time after writing this note).

From: The Indianapolis Star, Aug. 2, 1918:

SENATOR NEW CABLES
PERSHING FOR DETAILED
NEWS AS TO LIEUT. PARRY

Cablegrams have been sent to Gen. Pershing and to the Red Cross station at Geneva, Switzerland, for news of the fate of Maxwell Parry, Indianapolis aviator who has been reported missing since July 8. Mrs. D. A. Parry, of Golden Hill, mother of the absent flier, received information yesterday from another son, Addison Parry, who is in Washington, of the inquiries which have been set on foot. United States Senator Harry S. New sent to the American commander a request for detailed information.

"We want to locate him so that we can arrange for food or other necessaries which he may find difficulty in procuring in a prison hospital or camp," Miss Isabelle Parry, sister of Maxwell Parry, said yesterday.

"We are entirely hopeful," Miss Parry continued. "We feel that no news is good news. In his daily messages Gen. Pershing often speaks of aviators who have not returned, and yet when one has fallen to death inside the German lines announcement of the fact is made by an enemy flier dropping notes into camps of the allies."

The last letter received from Maxwell Parry told that he had just been given a fighting plane of the "fastest and finest" type in the French aviation section. Previously he had been using a slower machine.

Copied at Lake Forest, Illinois,
September 13, 1945.

From THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, Aug. 3, 1918:

NO ADDITIONAL NEWS
REGARDING LIEUT. PARRY

Name Is in Missing List of
Casualty Report.

Cablegram Is Sent by New

(Special to The Indianapolis News)

WASHINGTON, August 2.-- The adjutant-general, to whom all communications from General Pershing are addressed, said today no additional information in regard to Lieutenant Maxwell Parry, of Indianapolis, has been received. Lieutenant Parry's name appeared in today's casualty list among those missing in action.

Senator New, who yesterday afternoon sent a cablegram in his own name to Lieutenant Parry's commander in the aviation service in France, said he would hardly expect an answer before Monday. Ordinarily it takes four or five days to get an answer to a cablegram of this sort, and the experience of the senator has been in sending cablegrams of inquiry about persons whose names appeared on the casualty list that it frequently occurs that no answer is received. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the cable company is unable to deliver the cablegram to the officer to whom it is addressed. For instance, if the commanding officer addressed be in the thick of the fight at the front it might be a week or ten days before he could be reached.

It is now commonly known that there exists a bond of sympathy between aviators, regardless of the side in which they are fighting, which has led to the dropping of notes telling of the fate of missing aviators. In the case of Quentin Roosevelt, after more than a week had elapsed the Germans dropped a note in the camp of the American aviators confirming the death of Roosevelt. This leads Lieutenant Parry's friends here to hope that sooner or later some definite news will come from the German side as to his fate.

"Blossom Heath"

My dear Mrs. Parry:—

Mr. Fisher and I are so fond of Max that I feel I must write you. Max is so fine and brave we cannot but know that he is safe and well but no doubt a prisoner --- but with his ingenuity and daring any time the news may come telling of his safe escape.

You have, like so many wonderful women given your most prized possessions --- your dearest loved ones cheerfully to the Great Cause and I cannot tell you how I admire you nor how my heart goes out to you in these perilous times.

Believe me --- my dear Mrs. Parry

Most sincerely

(Mrs. Carl G.) JANE FISHER

Aug. 16 -- ~~1908~~
1918

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

2140 Pogus avenue
Sta.D- Cincinnati

August 23d
1 9 1 8

Dear Madam:

Prompted by a newspaper portrait of yourself and intrepid son, Maxwell, which was sent me by my father from Indianapolis, my thoughts are turned backtoward to earlier Greenfield days and I visualized a sprightly miss of musical accomplishment, "Hessie" Maxwell, in the companionship of "Lu" Crawford, Jessie Randall, Molly Hammell, et cetera, of my own close acquaintance. Maybe you can recall the boy, "Eddie" Williams! . . . At any rate, will you please accept this note as a small appreciation of the sacrifice you are making for America and the world, offering your three noble boys, worthy scions of the honorable father who would take much pride in them. ... And as a little tribute to the American Motherhood of which you stand a notable instance, may I offer the unworthy verses, "The Warriors," which you will find in a booklet enclosed, "Songs That Have Cheered."

This is one of a very limited edition - merely a prospectus. Should you think well enough of it and the idea embodied to send it to Mr. Maxwell with my compliments I shall be much gratified. In case he or yourself can contribute some material that is of appropriate nature (preferably with a known record of helpfulness) it will be most welcome. You will readily grasp the intent of the endeavor.

With much respect, and every possible good wish and felicitations for your soldier boys, I remain

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR JESSE WILLIAMS

Mrs. D. M. Parry

P.S. --

It was my good fortune to have known your late husband in a business way and to admire his many good qualities, especially his fighting ability. ... Incidentally, I got my own breakdown from a fight with Ind'polis labor unionism. Doubtless Mr. Parry's warfare contributed largely to his premature demise.

-- E.J.W.

CITATION

à l'Ordre de l'Armée

Le Sous Lieutenant Pilote Maxwell O. Parry

à l'Escadrille Américaine 147:

"Pilote de chasse de grand courage et d'une habileté hors de pair, le 2 juillet 1918, faisant partie d'une patrouille de 7 qui attaqua 12 avions ennemis, a abattu un de ses adversaires."

(Ordre N° 12 127 "D")

Au grand Quartier Général le 29 Novembre 1918.

Le Maréchal Commandant en chef

des Armées de l'Est

PÉTAIN

(Translation by Milton Rubincam, 10-3-43)

CITATION

In the Order of the Army

Second Lieutenant Pilot Maxwell O.Parry

American Squadron 147

"A pursuit pilot of great courage and peerless skill, on July 2, 1918, while a member of a patrol of 7 which attacked 12 enemy planes, he brought down one of his adversaries."

(Order No. 12,127 "D")

General Headquarters, November 29, 1918.

The Marshal Commandant in chief

of the Armies of the East

PETAIN

304 Carnegie Hall
January 10, 1919

My dear Mrs. Parry:

The other side of this sheet will explain itself, but I want you to know what a labor of love Gregory Kelly and I have had in placing this little pantomime of Max's on the stage. If the gods are kind to us this coming summer and we play in Indianapolis I shall make every effort to play STINGY for you. There is a delightful and simple humor to the slight story that is a joy to me - and, if Chicago is a criterion, to the audience. Herbert Hyde, a worthy musician of Chicago, has set the action to the most exquisite melodies. The cast is made up of my very best actors.

Please know that on next Wednesday night I shall think often of you all and of Max, my friend and pal.

With every good wish,

STUART WALKER

(The above note was written on the reverse side of an advertisement stating that "STUART WALKER announces a season of brilliant dramas by LORD DUNSANY and of other short plays at the PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE commencing WEDNESDAY Evening, JANUARY FIFTEENTH.

"The opening program includes three important premieres:

"The LAUGHTER OF THE GODS by Lord Dunsany

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON by Cale Young Rice

STINGY by Maxwell Parry"

etc.

February 28, 1919.

Mr. C. G. Brotherton,
c/o The Guthrie Bank,
Guthrie, Ills.

Dear Sir:-

I am the soninlaw of Mrs. David M. Parry of Indianapolis, and a brotherinlaw of Max Parry, who was rooming with your son at the time of his disappearance at Chateau Thierry, July 8th.

We received a beautiful letter from Lieut. Brotherton, your son, at the time of his disappearance stating that he had Max's effects, also telling us at the time that as his life was very uncertain he did not know whether he ought to accept the responsibility of looking after Max's effects or not. Since then we have heard from you that your son has died for his country, and in your letter you stated you thought Max's effects would be forwarded. We, of course, are anxious to get whatever he left, and have written to Major G. H. Bunnell who was in charge of the Squadron, to find out if he can give us any information.

If you should hear anything Mrs. Parry would be pleased to hear from you, her permanent address being Mrs. D. M. Parry, Golden Hill, Indianapolis, Ind., and if we hear of anything of interest to you we will be glad to communicate with you at once. This war has struck home to a great many families, and it seems that yours and ours have had to make the extreme sacrifice, and it is with great hope that for these sacrifices a permanent peace plan can be worked out for the good of humanity.

Yours very truly,

(W.C.TEASDALE,Jr.)

WCT/MK

(From the carbon copy in the Teasdale Papers, in the collections of Milton and Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubinoam, Green Meadows, Md.)

February 28, 1919.

Major G. H. Bunnell,
147th Aero Squadron,
A. E. F., France

Dear Major Bunnell:-

The writer is the brotherinlaw of Lieut. Maxwell Parry, whom you reported missing July 8th. Up to this time nothing has been heard from Max, and we have practically concluded that he was killed at the time he disappeared. His mother, I am frank to say, still has hopes, but it is only a mother's hope. I think her reason tells her that he is dead.

At the time of his disappearance Lieut. Brotherton wrote us a nice letter about him and stated in this letter that he would look after Max's effects and papers. He also stated he did not know whether he would be able to take the responsibility of the delivery of these effects. We just learned a few days ago of Lieut. Brotherton's being killed in October. His father wrote Mrs. D. M. Parry, Max's mother, that his son had written him previously that he had some of Max's effects and he stated that no doubt Mrs. Parry would receive them in due time.

Is there any way of being able to locate his stuff from your end and make delivery to us? His effects should be sent to Mrs. D. M. Parry, Golden Hill, Indianapolis, Ind. Last week we received his croix de guerre.

Any information that you can give us in reference to Max or his effects will be very much appreciated.

I was wondering whether it was possible that you or your officers might know what German aeroplane squadrons were opposite your squadron on July 8th. If I could get this information it is very possible through some of our German friends here in America we might be able to find some of those German boys who might be able to tell us what happened July 8th.

There is another matter that I wish to ask you confidentially, and which I would not want his mother to see your answer to, so will ask you to write it on a separate sheet, and that is, it was reported here about the 18th of July that a body of an American aviator was found near Chateau Thierry, of which the clothes had been absolutely stripped off, and he was very much mutilated, and that there was no record to tell who he was, except that the article stated that he was an aviator who was killed about the 12th of July. The thought occurred to me at the time that this might have been Max, and if you heard of this incident and you have an idea that this was Max I would appreciate if you would tell me in confidence your opinion. His mother never saw this article, in fact none of our family did, as I destroyed the newspaper.

(W.C.Teasdale, Jr., to Maj. G. H. Bunnell, Feb. 28, 1919)

When you come to New York Mrs. Parry has an apartment at 454 Riverside Drive, telephone Morningside 9080, and she wants you to be sure and see her if she is in New York when you arrive.

Trusting this letter finds you in good health and spirits, I remain,

Yours very truly,

(W.C.TEASDALE,Jr.)

P.S. Mrs. Parry tells me that she has never received any money from Max's pay and we were wondering whether the pay is cut off from the disappearance or just what shape things take under the circumstances.

WCT/LK

(From carbon copy in the Teasdale Papers, in the collections of Milton and Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubincam, Green Meadows, Md.)

From: THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS, March 22, 1919:

MAX PARRY'S GRAVE
FOUND IN FRANCE

Mystery Surrounding Indianapolis Aviator's Disappearance Is Finally Cleared.

His Last Raid Described

Croix de Guerre, with Palm, Awarded by French, and Distinguished Cross Sent to His Mother.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Lieutenant Maxwell O. Parry, son of Mrs. David M. Parry, over the German lines near Chateau Thierry, July 8, 1918, was today cleared in messages received by Addison Parry, his brother, telling of the confirmation of Lieut. Parry's death and the finding of his grave near Vandeuill, which is north of Chateau Thierry, between Soissons and St. Quentin.

Mrs. Parry, the aviator's mother, who is in New York city, has received from the French government the Croix de Guerre with palm awarded posthumously to Lieutenant Parry and the American Distinguished Service cross, which was awarded to Lieutenant Parry posthumously for bravery in action.

Hope that Lieutenant Parry was a prisoner in the hands of the Germans was held for many months by his family, but with the signing of the armistice and the opening of the German prison camps, this hope began to fade. The war department has notified Mrs. Parry that her son died July 8, 1918, but that the cause of death was undetermined. This was followed by a message from the American Red Cross telling of the location of Lieutenant Parry's grave in France.

Lieutenant Parry was attached to the 217th* aero squadron, American forces in France. This was the same unit to which Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt belonged, and it develops that both lieutenants met death on the same day.** German aviators dropped a note over the allied lines telling of the fate of Roosevelt, but nothing was heard of Parry, and for that reason his friends believed for a long time that he probably had been taken prisoner.

Lieutenant Parry downed his first bosche airman on the eve of July 4. Four days later he met death, according to a letter received by Addison Parry, his brother, from Lieutenant Ralph O'Neil, of Nogales, Ariz., who was a member of the same squadron. Lieutenant Parry, Lieutenant O'Neil and four other airman started out after boches. O'Neil said Parry was in the lead when thirteen boche planes were observed above them. Lieutenant Parry, according to O'Neil, maneuvered his machine so that he finally got above the German planes, by that time being by himself. The

last O'Neil said he saw of Parry was when he dived on the German planes, which were making for safety.

Lieutenant Parry was among the first group of American aviators to reach France. His first encounter with German planes turned out to be a battle with the famous Richthofen circus, and out of the "circus" he got one plane. Altogether he brought down three planes.

"I feel that it is a great privilege to be in the first flying unit of aviators," Lieutenant Parry wrote home in June, 1918. "Much love to all. Don't worry. I don't."

In other messages to his family, Lieut. Parry spoke of the feeling that one life amounted to so little when thousands of men were being killed every day and that if it was necessary, he was willing to give his life for the cause of the United States and her allies.

Lieutenant Parry was born at Rushville, December 28, 1886. He attended the Hotchkiss school, of Lakeville, Conn., studied three years in Germany, and was graduated from Yale in 1909 with degree of A.B. Later he took a post-graduate course at Harvard, receiving the degree of M.A. At Yale he was president of the dramatic association. In his junior year he won the Toneycke oratorical prize and was the recipient of many student and collegiate honors.

Lieutenant Parry was most interested in literature and the drama. He wrote a number of plays, one of which, "Stingy," is now being given in New York by the Stuart Walker Players.

When Lieutenant Parry was reported missing last August, Stuart Walker, who was in Indianapolis, said he had never met a man of greater promise in his theatrical experience. He said Parry was an instinctive actor and an excellent playwright. Lieutenant Parry was connected with the Stuart Walker Players and the Washington Square Players in New York.

From THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, Monday, March 24, 1919:

PARRY WAS WRITING DRAMA ON
AVIATION WHEN DEATH CAME

Took Part of Draft of Play to France Where He
Worked on It Between "Acts" --- Sketch of Life.

Lieut. Maxwell O. Parry, the Indianapolis aviator and playwright, who met death on July 8, while engaging Hun airman over the lines at Chateau-Thierry, had several unfinished manuscripts of plays in his personal effects at the flying field when he met death. These are being forwarded to his sister, Mrs. Lydia Parry Teasdale of Golden Hill.

One play particularly, Mrs. Teasdale said, was about aviation. It was conceived while he was a student in the ground work in flying at Dayton, O., and in letters received by her from her brother he told ~~max~~ of writing it bit by bit, between his lessons. He took a part draft of the play and parts of others to France with him, intending to complete them during his spare time.

Another sketch, a comedy, dealt with life at a military school.

"During a discussion of the proposed play Max said that he had a setting of Culver Military Academy in mind for the comedy," Mrs. Teasdale said. "At the time he enlisted Max was preparing to rewrite his play 'Dad' for a one-act sketch for the Washington Square Players at New York. He had been asked by those in charge of the players to prepare the work for one act." "Dad" was given by the Little Theater of Indianapolis in 1916, one of its first offerings.

One of his plays, "Stingy," is now being produced in New York by the Stuart Walker Players. This play is based on a story, "The Stingy Man," which his mother used to tell her children. "Mother told us a great many stories and tales, and the one about the 'Stingy Man' was the favorite with all the children," Mrs. Teasdale said.

His sister declared that from youth Lieut. Parry was a great lover of art and literature. In Yale he drew the designs for the college drama programs. She tells of him tracing pictures when ~~only six years old~~ a small chap, and when only 8 years old he and his brothers and sisters and chums in the neighborhood had a theater on the third floor of the old McGowan home at Thirteenth and Delaware streets, where they lived at that time.

"In those days it was always wild West and thunder shows with plenty of red and green lights and shooting of blank cartridges. Max painted the scenery and directed the little shows, frequently taking part in one part or another.

"I remember distinctly that we had only one Indian suit and it was worked overtime in the shows. Another time Max and children in the neighborhood saved $7.50 and went to buy a gorgeous Arctic scene which the late H. F. Wasson had used as a window decoration during one holiday period.

"We went to Mr. Wasson's office and announced our mission. Mr. Wasson at first was loath to part with it, but we reminded him that we had a lot of money to buy it --- $7.50, in fact. He hesitated a moment and then said that such a sum was quite an inducement, but he would have to think it over.

"The next day we received the scene as a present from him and from that time on for many months Arctic scenes predominated every play. Max invented a new way to depict snow scenes by knotting a string every two or three inches and then

(From The Indianapolis Star, Mar. 24, 1919)

pinning a small piece of white paper to the knot. We used so much paper in snow scenes that we finally had to adopt Max's invention and it was fairly successful."

Lieut. Parry's career as a neighborhood theatrical producer was halted when he and a brother Addison J. Parry were sent abroad to school at Strassburg, in Alsace-Lorraine. They attended a school presided over by David K. Goss. Mr. Goss had been superintendent of the Indianapolis public schools from 1885 to 1890.

While at Strassburg Max and his brother and other American lads took long walks and bicycle rides over that part of Alsace-Lorraine, France, Switzerland and Germany. While on the battle front Lieut. Parry flew over the country which he had toured and trod while attending school at Strassburg.

Lieut. Parry won many signal honors as an orator and thesis writer while he was attending Hotchkiss, a preparatory school for Yale University. His thesis, "Lawlessness in America," won first prize given by the Yale alumni for students at Hotchkiss. He graduated from Yale in 1909 with an A.B. degree, and in 1912 received an M.A. degree from Harvard.

His portrayal of Falstaff in one of the Yale plays attracted the attention of the late Charles Frohman, theatrical wizard, and Walter Pritchard Eaton, dramatic critic. At a lecture in Indianapolis a few years ago Mr. Eaton asked some of his sponsors for the affair if he might meet Max Parry while in the city. He spoke of Mr. Parry's wonderful work as Falstaff.

At Yale Lieut. Parry was president of the dramatic association and was largely responsible for the success and new vigor displayed by the organization after he became the leader in its activities. He planned stunts for the dramatic students to amuse the crowds at football games during the intermissions. His library at the Parry home at Golden Hill contains autographed photographs of Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, and other theatrical stars.

One critic of his work pointed out that he lacked the experience of a love affair in his plays and urged that he "take a chance," but as far as can be ascertained he did not follow that critic's suggestion.

Along with his theatrical and literary efforts Lieut. Parry was interested in philosophy. He was an admirer of John Burroughs and read with keen interest Mr. Burroughs's "Time and Change." He read a great number of books on philosophy and finally declared that nobody really knew what philosophy was, but some day somebody would stumble over its solution and they would be surprised at the simplicity of their discovery.

Astronomy was one of his favorite studies. Golden Hill frequently saw "star gazing parties" until past the midnight hour. John Candee Dean often took his large telescope to the Parry home and a party of friends would view the heavenly bodies.

At one time he syndicated articles on "What Every Man Should Know About the Stars," the features being in Sunday magazine sections of American dailies.

From The Indianapolis Star, Mar. 24, 1919:

Booth Tarkington often complimented Lieut. Parry upon the crispness and cleverness of the dialogues in his plays. Throughout the war Lieut. Parry wrote daily in his diary and while at the flying field at Dayton wrote his sister that about the only place he could find to write was on the roof of his barracks as the activities at the aviation center extended to every part of the field.

All the manuscripts, diary and efforts were left to a Lieut. Brotherton, a chum at the aviation field in France, and hhe companion was planning to bring them personally to the Parry's when he returned from foreign service but just a few days before the armistice was signed Lieut. Brotherton was killed. Lieut. Parry's effects were lost track of for a time but have been located and are being forwarded to hisrelatives.

Lieut. Parry's body will probably remain in France. His relatives view the matter in the light that he loved France and gave his life for that nation and he would wish his body to remain there.

Friends of the Parry's have located his grave. Upon the marker appears these words:

LIEUT. MAXWELL O. PARRY,
Indianapolis, Ind.,
United States of America,
Born Dec. 28, 1886,
Killed in Action, July 8, 1918,
American Expeditionary Forces,
147th Aero Squadron.
An American Aviator Who Gave His
Life for France and Humanity.

W. O. Bates, an associate of Lieut. Parry in the work of the Little Theater of Indianapolis, believes the Indianapolis aviator had premonition of his death fate. Mr. Bates received a letter from him shortly before Lieut. Parry went to France, in which he writes: "We rather expect to get it --- if not here, then over there."

The letter was to acknowledge receipt of a book of Washington Square plays.

"I can not shake the book under the noses of aviators who don't know about the W.S.P. and pretend to education," he wrote. Mr. Bates recalls that Lieut. Parry's appearances in "Dad" before the Little Theater Society in 1916 and the production of the Pyramus and Thisbe interlude in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the aviator-playwright played the part of Pyramus and stabbed himself with a wooden sword. [This sentence is incomplete in original clipping]

There are a number of peculiar incidents connected with the death of Lieut. Parry which are not usually related by members of the Parry family, but the following is a true one: Last Christmas Mrs. Teasdale was forced to abandon a Christmas dinner because of "flu" in the family and in expressing her regrets to a friend who had been invited the subject of whether or not Maxwell Parry was still alive came up. It was then that Mrs. Teasdale expressed the conviction that her brother was dead. Asked to give her reasons, she said:

From The Indianapolis Star, Mar. 24, 1919:

"In the early part of July, about the time Max was reported lost --- I do not remember the exact date for I wish to be perfectly truthful about it --- my sister Ruth and I were playing golf on the Country Club grounds. It was a perfectly clear day. Suddenly I saw something falling from the sky and looking closely I saw it was Max in an airplane. I must have shrieked for Ruth asked me what was the matter. I told her what I had seen. Of course Ruth tried to laugh it off but it shocked me and I became so ill that I was forced to go home. Then shortly came the news of Maxwell's disappearance. I kept my experience to myself. People laugh at ~~someone such~~ one when such experiences are related. It is so easy to laugh at something we don't know the least thing about. But I had made up my mind. I felt that Max was dead. We had always been very close together and I felt that if he had any last message to convey, perhaps he would have thought of me when he made that terrible fall from the sky. Now six months have rolled around, the war is over, the prisoners largely released and we hear nothing from Max. I know that he is dead, that we shall never see him again. That what I saw in the sky was something more than the figment of imagination or a vision due to disordered nerves."

The following experience is related by members of the family in connection with Mrs. D. M. Parry, mother of the dead aviator: One afternoon, shortly before the coming of news of Max's disappearance, Mrs. Parry was lying down, perhaps wondering about the fate of her son, whom she knew to be in extreme danger because of the character of the letters he had written. Suddenly, as Mrs. Parry tells, Max appeared before her just as she had last seen him in life and in his old-time quick and bustling way, said:

"Well, mom, I'm dead, but don't worry."

"Don't worry." It was his favorite expression.

Then shortly came the news of his being missing. Then the news of his death.

A gold star in memory of Lieut. Parry will be placed in the First Baptist Church service flag next Sunday. Dr. Frederick E. Taylor, pastor of the church, will speak on the life of Lieut. Parry.

AMERICAN MILITARY MISSION

BERLIN

April 23, 1919.

From: Capt. F. W. Zinn, Air Service,

To: Mrs. D. M. Parry, 300 West 36th Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Subject: 2nd Lieut. Maxwell O. Parry, Air Service, A. E. F.

1. The following is a copy of the official German record reference your son, 2nd Lieut. Maxwell O. Parry, Pilot, 147th Aero Squadron. This is taken from the records of the Berlin Central Records Bureau (Zentralnachweisebure), Berlin.

"A. Nachlasskarte
"Parry, Maxwell
"2nd Ltn. Flieger. 147 Aero Sq. Am. Ex. Force.
"Todestag 8.7.18.
"Beerdigt: Kriegerfriedhof Vandeuil, Grab. No. 31.
"Gem. v.d. San Kp. 123.
"Aktz. 1619.8.18 (Z.N.)"

A record of this sort gives unfortunately only such facts as date of death and place of burial, and gives no account of the circumstances under which he fell. The sixth line above gives the source from which the Berlin Central Records received their information, in this case from Sanitary Corps No. 123.

2. Vandeuil is a small village in the region of Jonchery-sur-Vesle, Department of Marne. I have telegraphed the above information to the American Graves Registration Officer in that vicinity so that your son's grave may be marked and registered so that at the proper time, if thought advisable, he may be transferred to an American National Cemetery. It is possible that owing to the fact that the country where he died has been heavily fought over there may be some difficulty about finding his grave, but I am quite sure that the information obtained is sufficient so that it will eventually be located. If possible I will try and visit Vandeuil before I leave France and will give you further information at that time.

3. It has also been possible to obtain your son's personal effects from the Berlin Central Effects Depot. They were enclosed in two packages and listed by the Germans as follows:

2:30 Francs	1 Dictionary
1 Wallet	1 Eye Glass in Case
1 Envelope with Passes	1 Cigaret Lighter
1 Notebook	2 Insignias

Inter-Company Correspondence

AMERICAN - NATIONAL
Shoe & Leather Corporation
165 Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

Cable Address
Amicus
Bentley's Code

Date Dec. 26th, 1919

Mr. W. C. Teasdale, Jr.
New York.

Personal

Dear Carey:-

I have your letter of the 1st inst. with attached letter of information from the American Military Mission, regarding the resting place of your brother-in-law Maxwell Parry.

Don't think for one instant that I have fully forgotten my promise to Mrs. Teasdale, that I would do everything in my power to locate the grave of her brother. I had fully intended to go to the Marne section on All Souls Day, Nov. 2nd; which is the day in France that corresponds with our Decoration Day, but could not get away from here on that day.

We have been having such a lot of rain here lately, every day, and I was told by American Red Cross Officer, with whom I was talking regarding thissection, that it would be very difficult to get around in the Vandeuil district, as in this particular spot there was very heavy fighting and the country is very badly torn up, the roads being impossible for travel, due to the heavy rains.

However, my very first visit to the front shall be to the grave of your brother-in-law. I am quite certain that I will find it, as I have all the information necessary regarding this section. I will ask a friend of mine to accompany me, a Captain in the French Army who knows every inch of the ground, and will give me every facility in the investigation and locating the grave.

Hoping that all your folks are well, and fully recovered from their recent illness, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

ED.

(Note: The above letter, although written on American-National Shoe & Leather Corporation inter-office stationery, was written by Mr. Hale from France).

/ The original of this letter is in the Teasdale Papers, in possession of Milton & Priscilla (Teasdale) Rubincam /

15 Park Row, March 19, 1920.

Mrs. D. M. Parry,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Mrs. Parry,

Mr. Hale has just returned from France and he was kind enough to go out and locate Max's grave.

He went to Rheims and from Rheims he took an automobile and went to Jouchery which is fourteen kilometers west of Rheims and there he turned to the south to Vendueil* which is two kilometers from Jouchery. He found there a small village, and he saw the Alcalde (which means the head man of the village), and an old lady about eighty years of age, both of whom were peasants and both of whom were in the village during the German occupation. Mr. Hale questioned these two people without letting them know what he wanted. He found that there were only Germans buried in the civil cemetery, and what they call the new cemetery, which is an annex to the civil cemetery, and lies immediately outside the walls. In conversation with these two peasants they put emphasis to the statement that there were nothing but Germans buried in the [cemetery] but with one exception, and that there was during the summer of 1918 an American aviator shot down in aerial combat in the immediate vicinity of the village and had been brought to the cemetery, and buried by the Germans in the new cemetery among their own dead. The old lady made the statement that the German officers who were living in her home, several of whom spoke French, made the statement that they had just buried an American aviator.

After the conversation at least half a dozen peasants of the village including the old lady and the Alcalde, who were the spokesmen, accompanied Mr. Hale to the cemetery. As they had not seen the burial they of course could not tell which one was the grave. The Alcalde, who was a man of some intelligence, said that the Germans had a plan which they followed in burying their dead, and in looking for the grave number thirty-one, which corresponds with the record sent by the Mission in Berlin, Mr. Hale was able to locate the grave. The grave had a cross as all other graves had, and on the cross, altho the rain had entirely washed out the marks, he could see from the scratches of the pencil the name "Maxwell".

It seems that the record given Mr. Hale by the American Grave Registration Bureau in Paris did not correspond as to the number of the grave with the German record, as the American record gave grave number six. Where the American Registration Bureau got grave number six, Mr. Hale cannot understand, because in counting the Germans have one way of counting, and everything leads to grave number thirty one and not number six. The graves are counted according to the German chart. They are not numbered, but counted from the way they are laid. The American Grave Registration Bureau calls Max's grave an isolated grave, but it is an isolated grave only in the sense that he is buried in this particular grave yard. Mr. Hale further states that there was very little fighting at this immediate point, as the lines had gone forward five or six miles, and that there was very little mutilation of the grave yard with explosive shells, and that the Germans took their time and from what the Alcalde said buried everybody in the right way.

---

*i.e. Vandeuil.

Mr. Hale further states that the American Registration Bureau had given orders before Mr. Hale got there to open up grave thirty one and grave number six. They never opened number six but they did open number thirty one and the Alcalde was there when they did it, and stated that in grave number thirty one was a body of a young man in good state of preservation, who had on an American shirt. They took imprints of his teeth --- he also had a fractured leg. They also dug up graves to each side of this one, but they were German graves, but their record does not seem to be clear in Paris because they keep speaking of grave number six which has nothing to do with it.

Mr. Hale is absolutely positive that Max is buried in Vandeuil, that the confusion of the two graves is a myth, and that he is buried in grave number thirty one, with no question of doubt.

Mr. Hale talked with Capt. I.G.Myers, Q.M.C., American Grave Registration Bureau, 18 Rue de la Congregation, Soissons (Aisne) who is the commanding officer in charge of grave registration in this district and he told Mr. Hale that they would move Max's body to the conventration cemetery.

This is a matter however for you to decide but if a decision is reached we should instruct by cable the American Grave Registration Bureau in Paris, not to remove the body --- that it is your wish, otherwise the body will be removed to the Concentration Cemetery if it has not already been done.

Mr. Hale also states that this old lady and the Alcalde both stated that this American aviator was buried the same day he fell, so that there is no question of doubt that he was killed either in the air or from the fall and did not suffer.

I am enclosing herewith some notes that Mr. Hale has made, and various letters which you can file with the rest. Mr. Hale is sitting here while I am dictating this letter and what we say in here is absolutely correct, and there has been no attempt to color any part.

Mr. Hale states that we cannot realize how fortunate we are that we can put our hand right on Max's grave because the confusion of the graves over there is something terrible.

Mr. Hale also wishes to say that the Alcalde told him that the Germans had great reverence for their dead and everyone was buried alike, and Max being an officer, was buried the same as the rest of them.

Sincerely,

(W.C.TEASDALE)

W.C.T. E.L.

(The original of this letter, like most of the others of Max's papers in the present volume, is owned by Miss Isabel Parry, Lake Forest, Ill., who sent it to M.R. It was copied into the volume of Teasdale Papers on August 8, 1943, and the original was then returned to Miss Parry. Date of copying it into the Parry Papers is Sunday, November 14, 1943).

THE LITTLE THEATRE SOCIETY OF INDIANA

George Sommes, Director

46 North Pennsylvania Street

Indianapolis

May 11, 1920.

Dear Miss Parry:-

I not only wish to thank you for your assistance in the production of "Stingy," but I should like also to compliment you on your very splendid playing of the music. Charming as the play was, charming as the music was, it contributed a great deal more.

I sincerely hope that another play will come along or that a repetition of "Stingy" will be possible, so that I may again have the charming experience.

Believe me most sincerely,

GEORGE SOMMES

Miss Isabel Parry
Golden Hill
Indianapolis

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 12, 1945

From: SEATTLE (WASH.) POST INTELLIGENCER, Oct. 13, 1920:

PIANIST HEARD IN
ORIGINAL PROGRAM

Miss Isabel Parry Reveals Artistry
in Recital at Cornish
School

With a refreshingly original and admirably balanced program, ranging from early eighteenth century Italian music to the impressionism of Rebikoff and Cyril Scott, Miss Isabel Parry was heard in a piano recital at the Cornish School last evening, every bar of which was interesting. Miss Parry is a new member of the Cornish faculty and her interpretations were of a quality to convince the most critical of her sound musicianship and understanding of the resources of her instrument.

The music of the eighteenth century, simple, formal, and pure, gives an immense clue to the artistic stature of the pianist who essays it. Showy technique is not a requisite, but profound musical feeling is. And Miss Parry's reading of the three brief works by Scarlatti, Zipoli and Pergolesi, which opened her concert, proved to the satisfaction of everyone present that the latter quality is hers. Equally ~~satisfactory~~ satisfying were her conceptions of W. P. Bach's "Organ Konzert" and Kullak's arrangement of Mozart's "The Violet."

Four short compositions by Brahms followed. And then came Rebikoff's delicately humorous suite, giving tonal impressions of a little boy playing with toy soldiers, a girl with her doll, the plight of a diminutive miss trying to practice despite the fragrant lure of her garden, et cetera. Miss Parry was as successful with this pictorial music as with the older work which preceded it. Borodin's "At the Convent" and Cyril Scott's grotesque "Dance of the Elephants" concluded the program.

After the concert Miss Parry was the guest of Miss Nellie Cornish at an informal reception in the latter's suite. E.A.

Copied at Lake Forest, Illinois, September 13, 1945.

From an undated clipping, but of approximately 1921:

Miss Isabelle Parry, formerly of Indianapolis, and well remembered here as one of the best pianists of the city, has joined the faculty of the Cornish school in Seattle, Wash. Recently she gave a piano recital which received the highest commendation of the music critics of that city. One critic speaks of her interpretations as "of a quality to convince the most critical of her sound musicianship and understanding of the resources of her instrument." Another speaks of the breadth of her conception of W. F. Bach's "Organ Konzert" and of her intelligent and forceful playing. Her program for this concert, which took place last month, included both classic and ultra-modern numbers.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

From a newspaper clipping dated May 14, 1922:

WELL KNOWN INDIANAPOLIS WOMAN

By Maude Swift Anthony

"Look how this love, this mother-love, runs through all the world God made." --- Tennyson.

While seeking for a suitable subject for this column on Mothers' day, the day set apart to revere the memory of the "best mother in the world," a vision of Mrs. Hessie Maxwell Parry, with her splendid, motherly face, and her kind, sympathetic manner, appeared on the horizon of my mind's eye and refused to be ignored. The definition of mother so aptly fitted her, "that which has produced or nurtured anything." So I sought Mrs. Parry out and asked the privilege of an interview.

She was quite modest about the matter, pleading she had never done anything especially to distinguish herself; that she was just a plain, everyday, uninteresting woman, that everyone knew all about her, anyhow, and that she had always been so busy trying to rear properly her seven children that she had practically no time for clubs, and therefore had not joined any.

"I probably have lost a lot," she remarked.

I could have whispered something in the good lady's ear, but I did not.

A feeling of great respect, almost reverence, flooded me as I talked with a noble woman, who seven times had gone down into that valley of mystery and had come up smiling, and had lived to rear well the seven little lives she had brought up with her.

I found Mrs. Parry in that lovely atmosphere of "Golden Hill," her home, which at this season of the year is really a veritable garden spot, with a quaint Nak totem pole standing in the center of the grounds. The interior of the Parry home is made unusually interesting from the standpoint of its wonderful fittings and furnishings, gathered from all parts of the world by the late D. M. Parry in his extensive travels. At the end of the long hall is a beautiful Venetian mantel brought from Italy, an exact copy of one in Pisa palace, and throughout the spacious home are wonderful vases, tables and other interesting curios from foreign lands. On the wall of the library hangs a picture of a jovial, smiling young face, in the uniform of an officer of the 147th Aero Squadron, A.E.F., Lieut. Maxwell O. Parry, who gave his life in that service July 8, 1918, and who sleeps in Flanders field. Beside the picture hangs a framed croix de guerre. This was Mrs. Parry's most precious contribution to the cause of her country. She gave her beloved son. Bravely she says she is one of many to have given so much. She is having made a beautifully brought gold star pin, set with diamonds, which she will wear in honor of the jewel she lost. She is also president of the local Gold Star Mothers, an auxiliary branch of the Service Star Legion, and was made chairman at a recent meeting of that organization of a committee to take up the matter of more careful attention to the memorial grove in Garfield k park, trees having been planted there to perpetuate the memory of Indianapolis boys who gave their lives in the world war.

(From a newspaper clipping of May 14, 1922)

Practically the only work Mrs. Parry has done outside her home, she stated, has been her affiliation with various branches of the First Baptist Church, and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Fifty years ago, with her father, John Maxwell, Bessie Maxwell came to Indianapolis. Their home stood at what was then the extreme north end of the city, on Meridian street, opposite the blind asylum. Visitors then journeyed out to see the blind institution, the show place of the city at that time, using a hack; the fare from the old depot on the site of the present Union station was 25 cents. In 1882 [correction: 1883] she was married to David M. Parry, founder of the Parry Manufacturing Company and its president at the time of his death.* Except for a few years spent abroad while their children were in college and a brief time at Rushville, Ind., Mrs. Parry has lived in Indianapolis for half a century. Twenty years ago the Parrys conceived the idea of building a suburban home, a new thing then. They moved out to the country home which they named Golden Hill, because of the wonderful coloring of the leaves of the mammoth beeches and other trees that cover the site when Jack Frost has touched them with his magic wand. The one "fad", as she termed it, she would confess to was that of gardening. She has always been a student of nature and loves everything that grows. She wishes to leave a heritage of her lovely growing things, not only to her own family, but to the people of Indianapolis, with whom she has found a most delightful dwelling place there for many years. Despite her wide travels, she maintains that Indianapolis is the most wonderful home city.

Mrs. Parry is the mother of seven children and the foster mother of several others. Her children include Mrs. Lydia Parry Teasdale of New York, who, notwithstanding the fact that she is the mother of two children, who attend Horace Mann School, has just completed a course in Columbia university in home economics; Addison J. Parry, vice president of the Oakes Company, Indianapolis; Miss Isabel Parry, connected with the Cornish School of Music in Seattle, Wash.; Miss Ruth Parry, who is studying vocal music in New York; Mrs. Belle Fitzgerald, also of New York; David Parry, Jr., Indianapolis, and Miss Jeannette Parry, who is at home with her mother.

Mrs. Parry says she does not believe in any set, out and dried rules for rearing children properly. She feels a mother must first love her child and then search for the individual fitness of that child; must recognize any unusual aptitude it may have for any particular line of study, and then conscientiously endeavor to develop that talent so as to fit the child for its life work. Her standard has been to make the home all that word implies, not just a house to live in. It is her belief, if that rule is carefully followed, children will not go far astray. And Mrs. Parry's rule worked quite successfully, as attested by her splendid family.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945.

*Correction: Mr. Parry resigned as President of the Parry Mfg. Co. several years prior to his death.

From The Indianapolis Star, June 1, 1924.

PIONEER CITIZEN RECALLS
EARLY INDIANAPOLIS LIFE

Mrs. David M. Parry, One of First Suburbanites, Desorbibes President Hayes's Visit and Time When Sixteenth Street was City Limits.

By Laura A. Smith.

Heart of the Woods! Fascinating name for a peaceful abiding place. Selecting romantic names for one's imaginary home is a fascinating game. The latest name which caught my fancy --- it was in an advertisement that I saw it --- is Heart of the Woods. The instant I saw that name I built my spreading cabin under forest trees and had therein all the forest joys which one has in the happy realm of imagination, where one can control time, weather and friends.

Behold, before I had selected another name for the house of my dreams, I found myself enjoying a real heart-of-the-woods home --- that of Mrs. David M. Parry in Golden Hill. As Mrs. Parry and I sat before a resinous wood fire, we looked into a cavern of gray beeches, sycamores and other unspoiled trees --- a scene that Indiana artists love to transfer to canvas. Golden Hill! May the lovely name never vanish from the annals of Indianapolis.

"Golden Hill," said Mrs. Parry, "was once a famous picnic ground, called Clifton-on-the-River. Before the white men came it was doubtless an Indian reservation. Traces of their baking places of bricks and of stones remain. The skeleton of an Indian was found in the excavating for Mrs. F. Frawley's house. One of the first Governors of Indiana built a handsome residence in Golden Hill and gave many brilliant affairs there.

"The woodwork was of priceless black walnut, and no nails, just wooden spikes were used in the construction. The house was burned many years ago. When we first came to Golden Hill, we entered from Northwestern avenue about Thirty-eighth street, and had to open farm gates and drive across fields to reach our place. We were one of the first city families to move out and to a suburban home. We came on account of the health of Mr. Parry and of that of two of our children, who were delicate.

"When our friends tried to find the small house stuck behind the hill and surrounded by farms, they said, 'No use talking, Mr. Parry has lost his mind, moving way out here.' 'Yes,' said others, 'and his wife has lost her mind, too.' But we never regretted bringing our children away from the center of the city, away from the dust and dirt and giving them the chance to breathe air that has never been breathed before. Having reared seven children, I feel competent to advise mothers and I heartily indorse outdoor life for young children, away from the center of the city.

"The farm that I lived on when I was a little girl and until my marriage to Mr. Parry was at No. 630 North Meridian street, afterwards known as the Vajen home. My father, late John Milton Maxwell, a Hoosier born, came to Indianapolis from Madison, sixty years ago and bought the farm out on Meridian street. He lived in a low rambling bungalow surrounded by a fruit orchard and our land was six feet below the street level.

(From the Indianapolis Star, June 1, 1924)

"I have watched with great interest the many changes that have come to Indianapolis, particularly to Meridian street and I deeply regret to see our beautiful residence street given up to business. One of my greatest sources of interest as a child was to sit on our front steps and watch tourists shown our one point of interest, the blind asylum. I thought them very wealthy as I saw them hand out 25 cents to the hackman. I always made inquiries about these wealthy tourists when I went to read to the blind girls and to talk with them. My early acquaintance with the blind students revealed to me that many of them have real talent and should have every opportunity to develop that talent as far as possible. I do not approve of moving them to a place too far out for them to have opportunities of attending musical performances and other things which are necessary to their development. The new blind asylum should not be too far away from the center of things.

"When we lived on Meridian street, Tinker, now Sixteenth street, was virtually the end of Meridian street and of the city. We were never allowed to walk farther than Tinker street on account of the dahnger of getting lost in the woods. There were a number of elegant residences on Meridian street, and many distinguished persons were entertained in those homes. I recall even yet how elevated I felt when Judge E. B. Martindale entertained President Rutherford B. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes during their entire stay in Indianapolis.

"I watched every detail of the preparations, especially the strip of red carpet laid from the entrance to the curb and felt that never in my life had I seen such magnificence. The day the Martindale family left the presidential home, I sat on our horseblock and the carriage came very close to where I was. The President lifted his hat to me and Mrs. Hayes gave me one of her sweet smiles. I was far too exalted and proud to speak familiarly with my playmates for several days after this honor had been mine.

"I was educated entirely in private schools. The first one I attended was that of Mrs. E. J. Price, a gentlewoman who was one of our early educators. The school was in two rooms upstairs in her home at Alabama and St. Clair streets. Her father, Prof. Hoshour, a writer, gave us two lessons a week in German and we thought ourselves highly educated. Then I attended the Baptist female seminary for seven years. I recall Mrs. E. C. Atkins as one of our leading teachers. I finished my education at the Glendale (O.) college and at the Westleyan female college, Cincinnati. We had no fine seminaries in Indianapolis for the higher education for many years.

"In 1875, my education 'finished,' I returned to Indianapolis in the midst of a continued rain that became such a flood that many thought the world was coming to an end. Washington street was flooded for many blocks. Boats were used to carry people about. Basements as far as Meridian were flooded and many business men suffered heavy losses in ruined goods. After the waters receded there followed an epidemic of typhoid fever, which cost many lives. It was a terrible epidemic.

"In one family of four, three members were dead at the same time. People were kind to each other during sickness. Neighbors went to help each other and sit up with the sick and the dying. Our parents looked pale and anxious. Mother did everything possible to protect us from the epidemic. I remember that each of her five children wore a little bag of asafetida around the neck. This preventive was recommended by our leading physician, Dr. Theophilus Parvin, who became one of our famous doctors.

(From The Indianapolis Star, June 1, 1924)

"The little bag of asafetida, however, religiously worn, did not keep off the typhoid fever. My sister, my brother and myself came down with it and fought a battle for our lives. It was while I was recovering from the fever, too weak to walk any distance save from Meridian street west to Illinois street and back, that I saw something new and romantic that had happened while I was ill. Maj. and Mrs. Jordan had moved the rear part of their house back to the alley and rented it. I stopped amazed and looked critically at the drab house with white door and green shutters. As I stared the door opened upon a vision of loveliness, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen --- golden hair, blue eyes and long black lashes, pink coloring. No art in any picture has produced as beautiful coloring as this woman had. She smiled as I gazed at her, entranced and giggling as I always did when surprised. She said, 'Good morning.' 'Do you live here?' I asked. (Yes.' 'Well this is something new to me.'

"She smiled at my childish eagerness and invited me in. Her house was clean as clean could be, two hand-made rugs were on the floor. There was a rocker and a four-poster bed for which one would pay $500 today. Not long ago, coming from the movies my daughter said, 'Why can't we have a real life in the films. Whoever heard in real life of a prince marrying a washer-woman.' 'I know something just as remarkable,' said I, and I told her the story of my friend in the alley. Her name was Mrs. MacDougal, and she and her husband had come to America from Scotland. He died soon after and she roved about until she reached Indianapolis and rented the little house in the alley for $2 a month.

"Even that rent was beyond her so a number of godley women, especially Mrs. E. G. Cornelius, set her up in a little stock of ribbons, gloves, laces, which she sold with considerable success. In time, a wealthy prominent Scotchman coming to America was asked by her relatives to trace Mrs. MacDougal. He traced her to Indianapolis, to the little house on the alley. The moment she opened the door, he fell head over heels in love with her. In a few days they were married and he took her back to Scotland where she became a great lady, for she was not only beautiful but intelligent, studious and of high Christian principles. One may see her name in the society columns of foreign newspapers today. This is as great a romance in real life as one sees in the movies.

"There was little happening of startling interest in those days. The Franks kidnaping case recalls to me how eagerly we awaited any news regarding Charlie Ross, who had been kidnaped. Father read aloud to us every item about the missing boy. Word was spread that he had been found and would be in a certain parlor of an Indianapolis hotel between 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock in the morning. You can imagine how excited all mothers were and how indignant they were when it was found to be an 'April fool' hoax. Instead of being a good advertisement for the hotel, it was the worst thing that could have happened to hurt its popularity.

"We had very few amusements. After the Y.W.C.A. was built we went once a month to hear a lecture by some prosy professor. We skated in University park in winter and went to picnics in summer. On Sunday I went to Sunday school at a 9 o'clock and stayed for the main service at 10:30. At 1:30 I went to our First Baptist Church mission on the South side. Home and dinner at 4 o'clock.

(From The Indianapolis Star, June 1, 1924)

"Every article for that dinner was prepared on Saturday, for my mother would not permit any cooking on Sunday. We would have baked chicken, salt rising bread, slaw, hard-boiled eggs, white cake and a rich rice pudding with cream. Dinner over I left for the young peoples' meeting at 6:30 o'clock and at 8:00 o'clock was in my place in the choir. Young people certainly tried to serve the Lord in those days, if going to church counted. Most of us attended the weekly prayer meetings, gathering beforehand to 'gossip.' After church we formed groups and sat on the steps and leaned over the fence to talk things over.

"As, when a certain church member paid $1,200 for a closed carriage, making us very skeptical concerning his religious convictions, I was very pronounced in declaring that he should have given that large sum to missions. Our greatest social life was connected with the church, where one had dinners and all kinds of evening affairs.

"The first pink tea in Indianapolis was given at the residence of Col. and Mrs. Downing and created no end of speculation as to just what a pink tea could be. When we arrived we found ourselves in a pink world --- lights, flowers, refreshments, all in lovely pink. Mrs. Downing was a charming and gracious hostess and her home a center of genuine Southern hospitality. She was assisted by her daughters Emma (now Mrs. Charles Wood), and Sallie (now Mrs. William H. Coleman), great society belles. The pink tea started teas of other colors, of different kinds of flowers, musical teas and so on, to those of today.

"Of ~~interest~~ Indianapolis today, I feel that it is facing a great future. It is filled with highly intelligent people, with many gifted musicians, fine writers and workers. I foresee for our city the greatest success in any and in every direction. It has grown out of all expectations and has grown so beau-~~ifully~~ tiful, my heart is filled with its ever-increasing beauty."

Copied at Lake Forest, Illinois, September 15, 1945

Mailed from Paris, Aug. 17, 1924

W. C. Teasdale, Jr.
Woodbine, N. J.

Dear Carey:-

Mrs. Mosher and I started on Thursday July 31st on a trip to the Battlefields and late that day reached Soissons, and expected to find Captain Mayer the official in charge of the American Grave Registration of that district, we drove to the address given by Mr. Hale as No 18 Rue Congration, and found the place deserted. On inquiring we learned that the office was closed and the official in charge had left the city. So we journeyed on to Fismo where there was supposed to be an American Cemetery but was told that there was none there. We continued on towards Rheims, and on reaching Jonchery turned South to Vandeuil two kilometers and without any trouble found the place described by Mr. Hale. The Maire was on the field working and our Chauffer talked French to him and secured all the information possible, and that was, that all the ones buried in the little plot of ground adjourning the Civil Cemetery had been removed and they thought to Harmonville. We visited the spot and found no evidence of graves as the land was now under cultivation. As it was night we went into Rheims where we found a delightful new hotel and had every comfort and even luxury. The following day after completing our visit to Rheims we drove to Harmonville, fourteen Kilometers north and found only a British Cemetery, and the English man in charge said that no American had been buried in that vicinity and advised us to go to Fere en Tardenois and as this was on our way, we drove there in about an hour, and no official in sight, I went into the office and with the help of a young Frenchwoman we found in the card index file the following:-

Maxwell O. Parry 608
2nd. Lieut. 147th. Aero Squadron
Grave 35
Block A
Row 9

we went immediately to that location and found the grave.

Mrs. Mosher placed some flowers and two small flags we had brought from Paris and we took two or three snap shots from our Kodak, which I will send you in next mail.

The cemetery at Fere en Tardenois is to be a beautiful place as soon as the trees and grass grow a little. They are building some houses for the Keeper and his assistants and a large monument to be erected in the center of the oval. I think Mrs. Parry will be happy to know that Max's last resting place is so nicely kept up. We visited Belleau Woods Cemetery the same afternoon and they are making it a beautiful spot with flower gardens, trees and grass, and the German Cemetery just beyond is very plain and kept neatly but as bare as the Sahara Desert.

Mr. Hale's description and location were exactly correct and it was a great help in our search.

We drove from fere en Tardenois to Quentin Roosevelt's grave at Chamery (only three miles) and his last resting place is on the spot where he fell. Mrs. Roosevelt has given a memorial fountain to the little village near-by.

Will write again in a few days.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. MOSHER

From an Indianapolis newspaper clipping, probably about June 1927:

PLAN PROGRAM FOR
CHILDREN AT ART
INSTITUTE TODAY

Musical Numbers Will be
Offered With Exhibition
of Dolls, Toys.

A program for children by Isabel, Ruth and Jeannette Parry will be given at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon at the John Herron art institute. Isabel Parry will contribute piano numbers both classical and modern, selected forntheir appeal to children. Ruth Parry will sing a group of quaint and whimsical songs, some gay, some sweetly pensive. Jeannette Parry (Mrs. Emmert Daniel in private life) will recite the humorous account by Rudyard Kipling of "How the Whale Got His Throat," As a further treat for the juvenile audience a special exhibition has been arranged in the galleries of the institute. This includes dolls and rare toys and house models, as well as paintings suitable to the taste of children. This type of entertainment, the combination of a musical program with an exhibition, has been popular during the last season in the East --- the New York Symphony orchestra having made a feature of such events. The illustrated program that the Misses Parry have prepared are original in conception and attractive in design. Gilbert Reeves, a student at the art school of the institute, made the lino drawings. The Misses Parry have studied widely with foreign and American masters and are well known as performers of ability. There will be no charge for admittance.

The program follows:

Piano Numbers.

"Romance" (Old French). . . . . .Balbastre
"The Nightingale in Love" (Old French) . .Couperin
"Fantasie" . . . . . C.P.E.Bach
Isabel Parry

Piano Numbers.

"Little Shepherd in High Pastures"
"Automatic Description of a Helmet."
"The Fairy."
"The Donkey."
"An Afternoon's Nap on the Train."
"Wailing and Raging Wind."
Isabel Parry.

An undated Indianapolis clipping of about June 1927

Recitation.

"How the Whale Got His Throat" . . . . . .Kipling
Jeannette Parry

Songs.

"Sleep My Child" (Syrian folk song).
"The Meeting" (French text).
"There is a Garden that I Know."
"Come Along Quick". . . . . Kipling
"Kangaroo and Dingo" . . . . . .Kipling
Ruth Parry

[The approximate date of the above clipping is fixed by the following letter:]

ART ASSOCIATION OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
The John Herron Art Institute
Pennsylvania and Sixteenth Streets

June 3, 1927

The Misses Parry
Indianapolis.

My dear Misses Parry:-

The Board of Directors has instructed me to express their gratitude for the gift of the lovely programs for your Sunday entertainment at the Art Institute and their appreciation of your thought in preparing them.

Sincerely yours,

GRACE A. SPEER

Secretary to the Board

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945.

WAR DEPARTMENT

The Adjutant General's Office

Washington

AG 201 Parry, Maxwell O.
ex

March 20, 1929.

Mrs. D. M. Parry,
1300 W. 36th St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Madam:

There is forwarded herewith a French diploma No. 74,554 (E. U. No. 7453) pertaining to the award of the French Croix de Guerre, with palm, to your son, the late Maxwell O. Parry under order No. 12.027 "D" dated November 29, 1918 G.Q.G. French Armies of the East.

It is requested that the inclosed receipt be accomplished and returned to this office.

Very truly yours,

C. H. BRIDGES

Major General,

The Adjutant General.

2 Incl.
(Diploma and
receipt card)

MINUTES OF SPECIAL MEETING OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE GOLDEN HILL ESTATES COMPANY
November 18, 1930.

A special meeting of the Board of Directors of The Golden Hill Estates Company was held at the office of the Company at 1410 Golden Hill Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana, on November 18, 1930, between the hours of 10 and 10:30 in the forenoon.

Said meeting was held upon call of the President of the Company and all of the Directors were present in person, to wit:

Mrs. Hessie D. Parry,
Addison J. Parry,
Isabel Parry.

Mrs. Hessie D. Parry, President of the Company, acted as Chairman of the meeting and Isabel Parry acted as Secretary of the meeting.

Upon motion duly made and seconded and by the affirmative vote of all present, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, to wit:

RESOLVED, That the Golden Hill Estates Company borrow the sum of Twelve Thousand ($12,000.00) Dollars from The Maccabees, a fraternal benefit society of Detroit, Michigan. Said money to be borrowed upon the terms and conditions set forth in a certain written application this day made and executed by the Company for the purpose of obtaining said loan from The Maccabees, and which application Victor C. Corcon, its attorney, is hereby authorized to execute on behalf of The Golden Hill Estates Company and empowered to deliver said application to the Maccabees; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That the President and Secretary of the Company are hereby authorized and empowered to execute, on behalf of the Company, one mortgage made for $12,000.00, secured by a mortgage in said amount, which shall be a first and prior lien on the real estate of the Company, situate in Marion County, State of Indiana, and described as lots 178 and 179 in Parry's Subdivision of certain lots in Golden Hill Addition to the City of Indianapolis, and containing a newly erected residence thereon. And the President and the Secretary of the Company are hereby authorized and empowered, on behalf of the Company, to perform all acts necessary to secure said $12,000.00 loan from the said Maccabees.

There being no further business, on motion, the meeting adjourned.

HESSIE D. PARRY
President and Chairman of the Board

Attest:

ISABEL PARRY
Secretary.

Copied Jan. 20, 1949.

Téléphone
Elysées 64-45
64-46

CARTE D'IDENTITÉ

Headquarters in Europe

AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE

MOTHERS AND WIDOWS

146, Avenude des Champs Elysées, Paris.

Madame Hessie D. PARRY est membre du Pelerinage des Mères et Veuves de Guerre Americaines organisé, par le Gouvernement des Etats-Unis.

Son adresse à Paris est Hotel d'Iena -- Avenue d'Iena.

Prière de lui donner aide et assistance en cas de besoin.

En cas d'accident, téléphoner à l'adresse ci-dessus ou conduire la personne au Commisariat de Police au Grand Palais.

(Signed) R. H. JORDAN

R. H. Jordan

Lt. Colonel Armée Americain

Directeur

Copied from the original at Lake Forest, Ill.,

Sept. 13, 1945

[The following letter was addressed to Mrs. D. M. Parry:]

Septembre 1932

Dear Madam

I hope you will excuse me for taking the permission of writing to you but I am a French girl --- and last Sunday I read your wonderful article in the Star and it made me so Happy that I want to thank you on behalf of my people and France.

Please accepts my sincere
Sympathy fpr the Lost of
you Dear Son that you
give for your Contry to mine.
May God bless you and keep
you in good Health
From a little French girl

Madame ANDRÉE VIGIER MOORE

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 13, 1945

From a newspaper clipping, dated Monday, 25 September 1939:

EARLY DAYS OF CIVIC THEATER
RECALLED AT DRIVE LUNCHEON

Reminiscences were the order of the day at the Civic Theater's Silver Jubilee luncheon today in the L. S. Ayres & Co. tearoom, where ticket members reported sales results and life and early members of the theater were honor guests.

The silver anniversary preparations have brought many memories of the past to the minds of the original members. Mrs. D. M. Parry was among the members invited to attend and hear homage paid to those early workers. Her son, Maxwell Parry, was one of the theater-minded group who conceived the idea of establishing a Little Theater. After the organization was started, he promoted the idea and wrote one play, "Dad!" which was well received by the critics. He played in the production and numerous repeat performances were requested. A graduate of the Harvard drama school, he died in the world war.

Mrs. Parry was always on hand to assist thetheater in its various undertakings. Her two daughters, Jeannette Parry Daniel, now of Cincinnati, attended the New York Dramatic School and frequently appeared in the theater's first ventures, and Mrs. Lydia Teasdale was often in the cast. A third daughter, Miss Isabel Parry, played accompaniments for "The Stingy Man," dramatized by Mr. Parry, which the Little Theater presented. Stuart Walker later produced the play in New York.

The Little Theater activities were always a popular topic of conversation in the Parry household. Mr. Parry often spoke on the theater in its first year. He said on one occasion, "My own dream is that we can grow plays concerning Indiana life, stage them with novel and beautiful effect and act them with all sincerity. The Little Theater should be the dramatic workship of our democracy."

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 15, 1946.

From The Indianapolis Star, Thursday, February 19, 1942.

MRS. D. M. PARRY
DIES AT HOME HERE

Entertained In Colorful
Life Nation's Notables
---Befriended Riley.

Mrs. Hessie D. Parry, 86 years old, who for many years presided over an estate that was the mecca of many of the nation's notables, died yesterday at her home in Golden Hill after a prolonged illness.

She was the widow of David M. Parry, former Indianapolis industrialist who manufactured buggies and other light vehicles which were shipped throughout the civilized world.

At the beginning of this century Mr. and Mrs. Parry established their home at Golden Hill. For many years the Golden Hill estate of the Parrys was a landmark, distinguished by a large totem pole that stood in a small park near the entrance. The totem pole, a gift to Mr. Parry, had been one of the exhibits at the St. Louis world's fair. Subsequently, after the Golden Hill estate was divided into city lots the totem pole was removed and given to the Children's Museum.

The totem pole was known, not only to Indianapolis residents, but also to many of the great literary, theatrical and business figures of the earlier part of the 20th century. For Mr. and Mrs. Parry were known throughout the country as charming hosts.

Among the famous guests in the Parry home were Maude Adams, Otis Skinner, C. W. Post, William Jennings Bryan, William Lyon Phelps and former United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge. William J. Burns, the world-known detective, was a frequent guest.

James Whitcomb Riley had been a friend of Mrs. Parry since she was a young woman.

A panic which proved disastrous to Mrs. Parry's father, John Maxwell, of Indianapolis, led to the friendship between Riley and Mrs. Parry, then young Miss Hessie Maxwell. When the crash came she wanted to help her father. Her ability as a pianist offered her the opportunity. She went to Greenfield and became a piano teacher. Friends directed her to the Riley home, and she lived there a few years. That was several years before Riley's Hoosier verse brought him renown. The friendship lasted until the poet's death.

(Mrs. D. M. Parry's obituary, The Indianapolis Star, February 19, 1942)

Mrs. Parry often related that she was one of the first persons to engage Riley as a public reader of his poems. She obtained for him a $25 engagement to appear at a church meeting in the First Baptist Church, of which she was an active member. After Riley's death the letter in which she gave him the engagement was found and was given to Mrs. Parry.

Mrs. Parry was born April 22, 1855, near Rushville. She had lived in Indianapolis since she was 5 years old. She and Mr. Parry were married in 1883 in the old Maxwell family home, on North Meridian street, where the Scottish Rite Cathedral now stands.

Mrs. Parry was a direct descendant of George Read, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and of Dr. David Hervey Maxwell, founder of Indiana University and one of the framers of the Constitution of Indiana.** Dr. Maxwell wrote in long hand the original manuscript of the Constitution.

Mrs. Parry was a Gold Star Mother of the First World War. She and Mrs. Hilton U. Brown were members of the Gold Star Mothers Pilgrimage to France, where they visited the graves of their sons, Lieut. Maxwell Parry and Lieut. Hilton U. Brown, Jr., aviators who lost their lives in action with the A.E.F.

Early on the morning of her son's death, Mrs. Parry had a presentiment of his death. She related to members of her family that she saw him, standing near the foot of her bed, smiling, and saying, "Don't worry, mother, I'm all right." The expression, "don't worry," was one which he frequently used, members of the family recalled.

Mrs. Parry's late husband was one of the colorful business men who built big industries from small beginnings. A farm boy of Franklin county, he began his business career at the age of 16 as a clerk in the general store. He was later a traveling salesman, owner of a hardware store, and finally starting a small carriage shop in Rushville. He came to Indianapolis in 1886, started his carriage shop anew and built it into one of the biggest industries of the city, shipping his products in the world market. He was interested in insurance companies and served as president of two insurance organizations, and became vice-president of the old Indianapolis Southern Railroad. In 1902 he was president of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States.

**Correction: Mrs. Parry was not directly descended from Dr. David H. Maxwell, but from his brother, Edward Russell Maxwell.

(Mrs. D. M. Parry's obituary, The Indianapolis Star, February 19, 1942).

Mrs. Parry was a lifelong member of the First Baptist Church and was also a member of the Caroline Scott Harrison chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and an honorary member of the Service Star Legion.

Survivors include two sons, Addison J. Parry of Indianapolis and David M. Parry of Evanston, Ill.; five daughters, Mrs. Helen P. Fitzgerald and Miss Isabel Parry of Indianapolis; Mrs. William C. Teasdale of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. Victor C. Gorton of Chicago, and Mrs. Emmert Daniel of Cincinnati, O.; several grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Private funeral services will be held at 11 o'clock Saturday morning at the Flanner & Buchanan mortuary. Burial will be in Crown Hill cemetery.

(E D I T O R I A L)

MRS. HESSIE D. PARRY

Mrs. Hessie D. Parry lived her entire life of eighty-six years in Indiana and died after a career that established her as a typical Hoosier woman. She had been identified not only with Rush county, where she was born, but with the capital city where she lived for more than eighty years, and had extended her influence through many good works.

Mrs. Parry was a character that once known could not be forgotten nor overlooked. She had that degree of energy and intensity that overcomes all obstacles. To have her on your side was to have a majority.

She had married a man that himself contributed greatly to the industrial achievements of the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries. They reared a large family that had much to do with the welfare of the state and country. A son, known to literature, volunteered in the first world war, served nobly, and died a heroic death. It was this spirit that animated the mother, who, herself, was ready to advance a good cause for her country's welfare at any cost. Fortunately she lived many years to stimulate all those who knew her.

From: THE OCEAN CITY DAILY SENTINEL-LEDGER, Thursday, February 26, 1942:

(Note: The following story ~~was~~ written and contributed to The Daily Sentinel-Ledger by Milton Rubincam, husband of Mrs. Parry's granddaughter).

MRS. TEASDALE'S
MOTHER PASSES

Widow of Industrialist
Was Gold Star Mother

Word has just been received here of the death in Indianapolis on Wednesday, February 18, of Mrs. D. M. Parry, mother of Mrs. W. C. Teasdale, former prominent Ocean City resident. She was 86 years old and had been in failing health for some time.

Mrs. Parry, a daughter of the late John Milton Maxwell, member of an old Indiana family, was the widow of David Macloan Parry, one of Indiana's most distinguished industrialists. He was generally credited with putting his friend, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, in the presidency. He held numerous important offices in the business world, including that of president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Mrs. Parry was a Gold Star Mother, and a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In 1932 she went on the Gold Star pilgrimage to France to visit the grave of her son, Lieut. Maxwell O. Parry, an aviator killed in action in 1918.

Besides Mrs. Teasdale, Mrs. Parry is survived by two sons, Addison J. and David M. Parry, Jr.; several daughters, Mrs. Helen Parry Fitzgerald, Miss Isabel Parry, both of Indianapolis; Mrs. Victor Gorton, of Chicago; Mrs. Emmert Daniel, of Cincinnati; several grandchildren, including Lieut. John M. Teasdale, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Monroe, Va., and Mrs. Milton Rubincam, the former Priscilla Teasdale, of Green Meadows, Md.; and one great-grandchild, John Philip Rubincam, 2nd.

The funeral was held in Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis.

SERVICE STAR LEGION
Hamilton Berry Chapter
Indianapolis, Indiana

HAMILTON BERRY CHAPTER -- SERVICE STAR LEGION

- MEMORIAL -

HESSIE MAXWELL PARRY (MRS. DAVID M.)

1855 - 1942

Mrs. Parry, one of the founders of this organization, was a Gold Star Mother and a Daughter of the American Revolution. She served faithfully as a member and an officer of Hamilton Berry Chapter, being Honorary Chairman at the time of her death.

A native Hoosier, residing in Indiana, "Four Score and Seven Years," eighty-one years in this City.

Mrs. Parry's alert mentality, generosity and courage, coupled with wide experience, a keen sense of humor and innate fairness, engendered the highest respect and devotion in all with whom she came in contact. A gracious hostess, a wise counselor, a lovable friend, her benignity and intense patriotism were inherent. To know her was an inspiration and a benediction.

In her passing, Hamilton Berry Chapter and the community, suffers an irreparable loss.

Memory of her is a heritage.

OLLA B. McDOWELL.

Copied at Lake Forest, Ill., Sept. 15, 1945.

SEAWOOD
Kennebunkport, Maine.

August 24th, 1943

Mr. Milton Rubincam
6303 - 20th Avenue
Green Meadows
Hyattsville
Maryland

Dear Mr. Rubincam:

Your letter reminds me once again of the increasing fallibility of elderly people's memories, my own in particular.

I recall that I did read a manuscript play of Max's and that I liked it and saw promise in it; but "my mind's a complete blank" in regard to the nature of the writing. Very vaguely I seem to recall that it was produced by the Little Theatre of Indianapolis or some other amateur group there and that I went to see it done on an extemporized stage at the Herron Institute of Art.

My feeling about Max and his writing was that he was a "comer," a genuine one. I was always fond of him and delighted with him, found his gayety and always intelligent spontaneity of perception and wit stimulating and brightening. I should say that this brightening of his, so to speak, was the quality I best remember. He cheered things up and when he arrived at a party, that party seemed to begin. I never saw him downcast, though of course there were times when he must have been that.

He was a man of a thousand surprises--all of them agreeable. Working beside a window one morning I looked down and saw a cab stopping at the curb before my house. Max jumped out and gave his hand to a most lovely lady as she descended and I imagine that at that time--1912 or 13, I'm not sure which--she of all the ladies on earth was the one I had most wished to meet--and here was Max bringing her to see me. It was Maude Adams. She was such a recluse, led a life so completely retired, that among all my acquaintances I'd thought I numbered not one who knew her. But Max did. He was the very person who would.

Indianapolis seemed to have more sparkle while he lived there, and those who knew him looked forward into the future with a livelier optimism because of his presence at Golden Hill.

When the Richthoven Circus shot him down, with Quentin Roosevelt, Indianapolis and Indiana lost a good and blithe spirit, and what was to have been, most surely, a distinguished career stopped short tragically.

I am sorry indeed I can't be more explicit, particularly about that play of his. It's a melancholy pleasure to read in your letter that my approval of the manuscript made a Red Letter day for him.

I look forward most eagerly to your book about him.

Sincerely yours

BOOTH TARKINGTON

6303 - 20th Avenue
Green Meadows
Hyattsville, Md.

October 8, 1943.

Mrs. L. P. Teasdale
Marott Hotel
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Mrs. Teasdale:

As you probably know, I am assembling materials for a biographical article on Uncle Max, to be published probably in the Indiana Magazine of History in which appeared my biography of your father five years ago. For the purposes of the article Aunt Isabel has very kindly furnished me with his papers, including letters and newspaper clippings (which arrived here in seven envelopes), most of which I am assiduously copying or from which I am making notes. In addition, when Priscilla, J.P. and I were out to Lake Forest in July, I found Max's diary for 1912-14, which I borrowed and which has provided me with important dates for further research among Indianapolis newspapers at the Library of Congress.

Among your papers in our attic I have found also Max's diary for 1908-10, as well as several of Max's plays. You are probably the only one in the family, because of your close association with Max, who can enlighten me about the plays, a couple of which have provided me with a first-class puzzle.

I have before me several drafts of DAD and THE LIE BEAUTIFUL. I have not had time yet to make a thorough study of them, but a casual examination of them (both in 3 acts) indicates that they are actually the same story; at least the characters appear to be the same, the name in DAD being Breedlove and in THE LIE BEAUTIFUL St. Clair. Both are stated to be comedies of Hoosier home life. The reviews of both in the newspapers (which I have copied) give summaries of the plot that are very similar. Other characters have same names.

I have also THE GREAT UNSPANKED, which appears to be a 1-act version of DAD. Both bear the same copyright number, Class D, XXc, No. 39866 (1915). I have just copied a long clipping from The Indianapolis Star for Mar. 24, 1919, about the time that his grave was discovered in France, in which you are quoted as saying that at the time Max enlisted he was preparing "to rewrite his play 'Dad' for a one-act sketch for the Washington Square Players," etc. Is THE GREAT UNSPANKED the one-act version of the former play?

In his diary Max refers to his studies about Burr and Hamilton, evidently for an historical play. Among the papers here at the house I find Act I of LITTLE COLOSSUS, which deals with Burr and Hamilton. Have not thus far located other acts. Do you recall if this play was ever produced and acted (or enacted)?

At the moment these are the questions uppermost in my mind. Hope to start writing the article soon. Would appreciate your answers to above and any additional information or suggestions you may have to offer.

Had a nice letter from John some time ago, but have been pretty busy, hence have not answered it yet. At my request he sent me data about himself, which I expect to work into a group of family papers for J.P. one of these days.

Also had a fine letter from Booth Tarkington about Max, a copy of which I enclose.

Please give my very best regards to Aunt Nell, Aunt Mabel, and any other members of the family I know.

Priscilla and J.P. send their love. Wish you could see him --- he's quite a little man, red hair and all!

Cordially yours,

Milton

NATIONAL GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Washington, D.C.

October 11, 1943.

Mr. Booth Tarkington
Seawood
Kennebunkport, Maine

Dear Mr. Tarkington:

Please pardon my long delay in acknowledging receipt of your fine letter of August 24. Soon after its arrival, I received from Miss Isabel Parry, of Lake Forest, Ill., seven envelopes containing Max's letters, newspaper clippings, and other papers. I have been busily engaged since then with copying them and making excerpts from Max's diary. As I am also employed in the Government during the day time, I have not had much time for letter-writing.

My wife and I greatly appreciated your account of Max's personality. With your permission, I should like to quote verbatim your description beginning, "My feeling about Max and his writing was that he was a 'comer,'" and ending with the paragraph about Indianapolis and Indiana losing "a good and blithe spirit," etc. We regard it as a high tribute to him, and worthy of preservation as you have written it. My projected work, incidentally, will not be a full-length book, but a biographical article about him. I expect to offer it to the Indiana Magazine of History, which published my article on his father, D. M. Parry, five years ago. If and when the study of Max is published, I shall be glad to send you a copy.

I have at last identified the play to which Max alludes in the entry I quoted in my last letter. Under date of November 6, 1913, Max recorded in his diary that he discussed his play with Wilton Lockaye, who liked the idea of The Lie Beautiful. On Nov. 7 he made another entry about Lockaye reading this play. Then, on Dec. 19, as quoted in my last letter, he expressed his gratification at your approval of his play and added that you "wrote a fine letter of recommendation to Lockaye."

The date on which you met Maude Adams through Max apparently was Sunday, November 15, 1914; in his diary for that day he wrote:

> "In town in Carey's auto at 10.30 to Claypool. Met Maude Adams there at 11 - Nell & Hattie to church - to Booth Tarkington's for short call - got her to 12 o'clock just in time."

In the above passage, "Carey" was my late father-in-law, W. C. Teasdale, Jr., "Nell" was Max's half-sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and "Hattie" was Mr. Teasdale's sister, Harriet.

I have had photostatic copies made of the diary for Dec. 19 (Max's "Red Letter Day"), one of which I beg you to accept with my compliments.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Cordially yours,

Milton Rubincam.

Address: 6303 - 20th Avenue
Green Meadows
Hyattsville, Md.

P.S. It may interest you to know that I have the manuscripts of several of Max's plays, including Dad and The Lie Beautiful. I have also copied a story that appeared in The Indianapolis News for June 8, 1914, about the plans for organizing the Little Theater of Indiana. According to this account, Max was temporary chairman of the committee in charge, and was assisted by an advisory board, of which you were one of five members, the others being Carl Lieber, Oliver Sayler, Nelson Hastings, and William Jenkins. MR

From: The Indianapolis Star, Sunday, September 29, 1946:

PAPERS OF DAVID M. PARRY
TO BE GIVEN TO STATE LIBRARY

The papers of David Maclean Parry, father of Addison J. Parry, president of the Marion County Council, who was termed "one of the leading American industrialists of his time," now are being collected into volumes for future presentation to the Indiana State Library, it has been announced.

The Parry family, in co-operation with Milton Rubincam of Washington, editor of the Pennsylvania Historical Junto, who is married to a granddaughter of Mr. Parry, has taken steps to preserve the papers and newspaper clippings which describe his many activities. They will be presented to the library when the family thinks it advisable to surrender them, it was said.

When Mr. Parry died, in 1915, he had been head of the Parry Manufacturing Company, said to have been the largest buggy manufacturing concern in the world; head of the Parry Auto Company, and had served as president of the National Association of Manufacturers, the Southern Dakota Central Railroad, Indianapolis Board of Trade, National Association of Carriage Builders, Indiana Manufacturers' Association, Automobile Insurance Company of America, and the American Educational Society.

He had declined the Republican nomination for Vice-President of the United States in 1904.

A contemporary biographer wrote of Mr. Parry that "from the time he was 15 years of age his career has been marked by a series of successes. . . never a failure. He disclosed from the first, self-reliance. . . obstacles were overcome as they appeared. His head and his heart and his hands were always in harmonious alliance. Under his masterful mind order and system predominated."

The papers will be known as the "David M. Parry Memorial Collection" and it also will include papers relating to Lt. Maxwell O. Parry, his son, a rising young playwright, who died in aerial combat in 1918, and other members of the family.

Other children of Mr. Parry, besides Addison J. Parry, are Mrs. Helen Fitzgerald and Mrs. Lydia Teasdale, both of Indianapolis; David M. Parry, Jr., of Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Victor C. Gorton and Mrs. Isabel Parry, both of Lake Forest, Ill., and Mrs. Annert Daniel, of Cincinnati, O.

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